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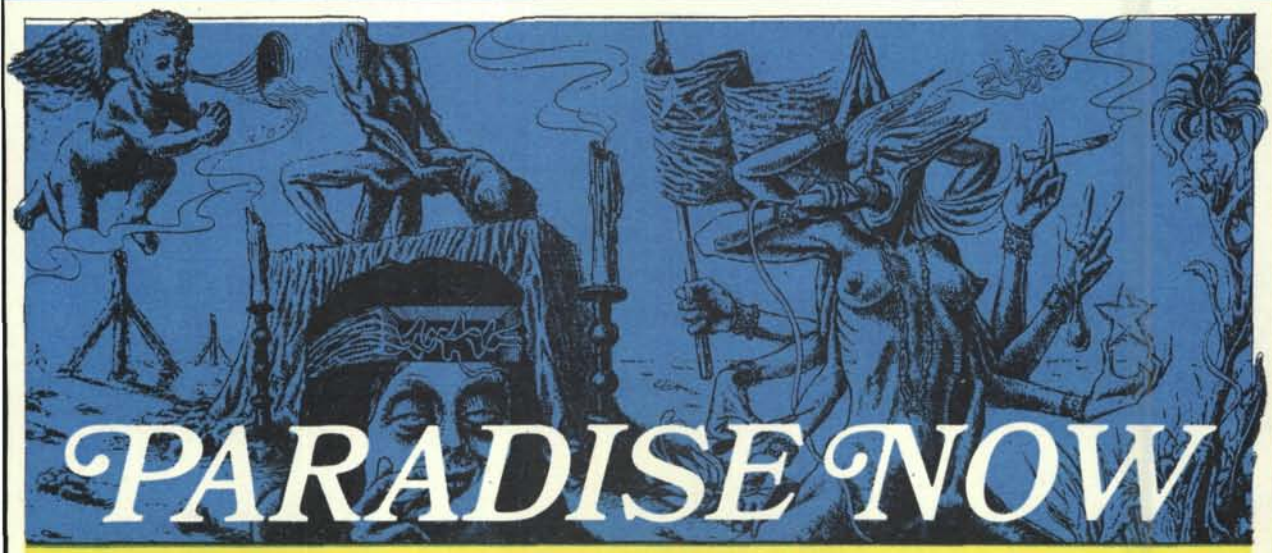


PARADISE NOW

The Logic of the New Mysticism

John Passmore

E. M. Forster

P. N. Furbank

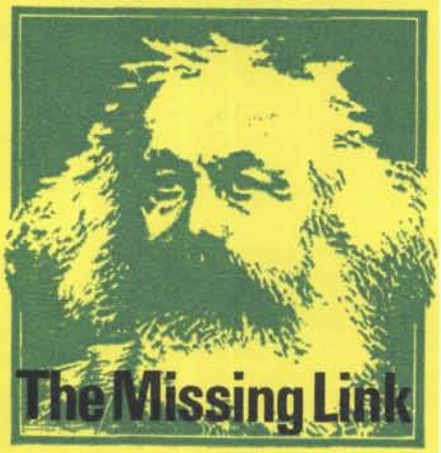
The Makers

John Wain

A Story

William Sansom

Karl Marx



The Missing Link

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PARADISE NOW	3	*John Passmore*
A LOO WITH A VIEW (*story*)	22	*William Sansom*
ANGLO-SCOT	30	*John Douglas Pringle*
COLUMN	46	*R*
MEN & IDEAS		
MARX & THE MISSING LINK	34	*David McLellan*
POETRY		
MEMOIRS OF A BOOK REVIEWER	21	*D. J. Enright*
THE CONSTITUTIONAL	29	*Dennis Silk*
A SALUTE TO THE MAKERS	51	*John Wain*
TWO POEMS	60	*Geoffrey Grigson*
NOTES & TOPICS		
THE PERSONALITY OF E. M. FORSTER	61	*P. N. Furbank*
INTERVIEW WITH RAYMOND ARON	68	*Jean Creiser*
BOOKS & WRITERS		
COLERIDGE COLLECTED	74	*Owen Barfield*
WHEN HISTORY (AND GOD) IS ON YOUR SIDE	83	*Gordon Leff*
HIGH NOON & SUNSET	87	*Asa Briggs*
LETTERS	92	
AUTHORS	97	

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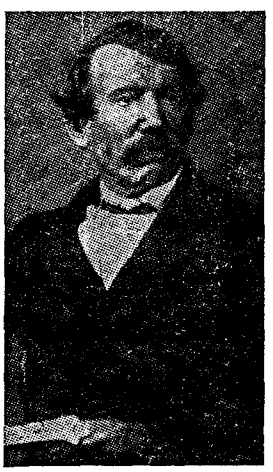

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John Passmore

Paradise Now

The Logic of the New Mysticism

MYSTICS of the traditional sort, Christian or Hindu or Buddhist, would for the most part deny, with some acerbity, that there is any "real" resemblance between direct enjoyment and mystical union. The sexual language in which mystics delight, they would assure us, is only "symbolic"—although why the mystic should turn so naturally to the symbol of the passive bride remains to be explained. Contemporary mysticism—as exemplified in the "body-mysticism" of Norman Brown's *Life Against Death*—is bolder; it deliberately identifies mystical experience and sensual enjoyment. It is not unique in so doing; in some forms of Eastern mysticism, in Tantric Buddhism, for example, the two are also identified. The "new mystics", however, think of themselves as inheriting the tradition of Christian, as well as Buddhist and Hindu, mysticism, even if they are particularly attracted by the religious attitudes of India, Japan, and Tibet.

What happened in the eighteenth century could be described as the Confucianisation of Europe; what is happening now, one might say in the same sense, is the Buddhisation of Europe. In one of his *Letters to Leontine Zanta* Teilhard remarks: "We could perhaps learn from the mystics of the Far East how to make our religion more 'Buddhist' instead of being over-absorbed by ethics, that is to say too Confucianist . . . ." It never seems to occur to the new mystics to ask themselves whether the societies in which mysticism and drug-taking have flourished are in any sense "more perfect" than Western societies, whether love is more widespread in them, or a sense of community, or compassion, or courage—to say nothing of creative achievements in art and literature. But since a French convert to Buddhism, André Migot, is prepared to argue that Tibet—as it was in the time of the Lamas—and Upper Mongolia are the best governed people in the world, I suppose someone might also claim that they have the best philosophers, the best scientists, and the best artists.

In most respects, certainly, the new mystics enunciate familiar themes, but from a new, bodily, point of view. Take the case of timelessness. Freud once remarked (although without much relying on the doctrine) that "there is nothing in the id which corresponds to the idea of time." And in a sentence he jotted down at the very end of his life he also wrote: "Mysticism is the obscure self-perception of the realm outside the ego, of the id."[1] We might put the same point, thus: in direct enjoyment there is no reference to the past or the future; mysticism is an attempt to go back beyond repression to a state of uncaring enjoyment or "play."

Brown argues, quite specifically, that the very idea of time is a product of repression. "Time," he says, "is . . . neurotic." So, too, he maintains, are such human achievements—or what we should ordinarily take to be achievements—as formal logic, quantified science, industrial production. As against all such "achievements," Brown sets up as his ideal the "insights" of mysticism, Romantic poetry, the childlike, playful attitude to life, direct sensuous enjoyment, unconfined, unrepressed. The traditional mystics, he says, "take seriously, and traditional psycho-analysis does not, the pos-

FOR *a note by, and about, the author, see "Authors" on p. 97 of this number.*

[1] *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis,* XXXI (tr. J. Strachey), in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works,* Vol. XXII (1964), p. 74; Vol. XXIII, p. 300.

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sibility of human perfectibility and the hope of finding a way out of the human neurosis into that simple health that animals enjoy, but not man." Freud presented a dilemma: either civilisation, which rests on repression, or unrepressed enjoyment. When it came to the point he preferred civilisation, if with some misgivings. Brown, in the typical mystical fashion, chooses the other horn of the dilemma.

Freud's own teachings, Brown argues, are badly affected by repression. This is why—most clearly, perhaps, in his "Analysis Terminable and Interminable"—Freud was led to reject the view that it is ever possible fully to free a person from internal conflicts, to "perfect" him. "Our aim," Freud wrote, "will not be to rub off every peculiarity of human character for the sake of a schematic 'normality,' nor yet to demand that the person who has been 'thoroughly analysed' shall feel no passions and develop no internal conflicts."[2] The object of psycho-analysis, he rather says, is to secure the effective operation of the ego, the "I" of everyday life. Brown, like the classical mystics, is completely dissatisfied with this everyday "I," and, more generally, with Freud's anti-perfectibilist conclusions.

[2] *Analysis Terminable and Interminable* (trans. J. Rivière), in *Standard Edition*, Vol. XXIII, p. 250.

For Freud, although the child is "polymorphously perverse", civilisation rests on genital heterosexuality. So far as this is so, Brown concludes, civilisation is grossly imperfect. The perfected human being will delight "in that full

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life of all the body which [he] now fears"; his sexual enjoyment will no longer be flawed by an anxiety lest it overstep the permissible limits of sensuality.[3] The concentration on genital sexuality is, Brown says, "unnatural" and constitutes "the bodily base of the neurotic character disorders in the human ego." We need not pause to ask whether this is so: Brown's ideal is what interests us, the ideal of an enjoyment which is immediate and absolute, which refuses nothing in the way of immediate experience.

As for science, that has value (Brown argues) only if it can be transformed into a "non-morbid" form in which it would be "erotic" rather than "sadistic," seeking, that is, "not mastery over but union with nature." It would then be a type of "erotic exuberance," no longer an attempt to replace the world we enjoy by a set of laconic formulae. Goethe's theory of colours, in which, in opposition to Newton's mathematico-physical analysis, colours are objects of immediate enjoyment, is for Brown, as for so many German or German-inspired thinkers, the paradigm of "true," non-morbid, science.

[3] Recent investigations into sexual life in the United States have made it clear that in that country what Brown sets up as an ideal is in fact being largely realised: sexual relationships, to a rapidly increasing degree, are taking an anal or oral form. See the investigations reported in Charles Winick, *The New People: Desexualization in American Life* (New York, 1968; paperback ed., 1969), pp. 319-23. The new mysticism, in this and in other respects, may be responding to a general social change, as distinct from advocating an eccentric ideal.

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The Libertine as Hero

DOCTRINES very like Brown's are to be found in much of the literature of the 1960s, especially in novels originating in the United States. In an underground novel first published in 1966, Richard Farina's *Been Down so Long it Looks Like Up to Me*, drug-taking (with its object the destruction of time and care), sexual promiscuity (which does not involve any care for what is enjoyed), and mysticism (which cares nothing for any merely human achievements), run together in harness with nostalgia for the television serials of the children's session and—of all things—the writings of A. A. Milne. Scenes of sexual enjoyment are interlarded with extracts from *Winnie the Pooh;* one of the characters is named "Heffalump"—another, equally characteristically, is called "Gnossos," to suggest gnosticism.

That "Bible of the hippies," Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*, no less freely deploys all the old mystical themes. "There is only one great adventure," writes Miller, "and that is inward towards the self, and for that, time nor space nor even deeds matter." To embark on that "adventure," men must not go forward but backwards, according to Miller, into a super-infantile realm of being—to that life of early childhood which "seems like a limitless universe." The "hipster," Norman Mailer writes in a similar spirit, lives "in that enormous present which is without past or future, memory or planned intention." The ideal of John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy*, characteristically, is "only to Be, always to Be, until nothing was . . . but one placeless, timeless, nameless throb of Being"—and "Be" is used as a synonym for sexual enjoyment.

Indeed, the demand for carefree, child-like enjoyment is what, at least in its "Romantic" form, "the revolt of the young" is about. Many of the young revolutionaries—very obviously in Czechoslovakia but, in some degree, also in the democracies—are still working within the liberal tradition. What they are seeking is an extension of democratic rights, greater access to representative institutions, a higher degree of personal freedom. They may be mistaken in believing that a particular right will give them greater freedom; but this is a mistake about the facts. There is certainly nothing undemocratic, for example, in opposing conscription. The "Romantic" rebels, on the contrary, are not interested in democratic institutions or in democratic processes. In the manner of the anarchists before them, they would like to replace institutions by "community."

Although the two types of revolt are, in practice, interconnected in complicated ways, in their pure forms they stand in complete opposition one to another. This is very clearly brought out in Yves Ciampi's semi-documentary film *A Matter of Days* (1969). The young French "Romantic" revolutionary heroine is bored and exasperated by the Czechoslovakian student revolt; to her, it is merely an attempt to set up that sort of bourgeois society against which, in France, she has been rebelling. The contrast between the risk-taking revolution of the young Czechs and the theatrical gestures of the "Romantic" revolutionaries is only too manifest. But that is not to say that the "Romantic" revolutionaries have absolutely no ground for their revolt, however ill-defined may be their objectives and however unpalatably childish some of its manifestations may be. (Violence can be a form of play: and the faecal preoccupations of some of the more depressing American young are typical of childish scatology—although it has to be added that both violence and obscenity can be a reaction of helplessness. It has also to be added that neither violence nor obscenity is peculiar to the young. What their elders see, abstractly, as authority, the young experience concretely as violence.)

The society of their elders—to a degree exaggerated by the Depression and the war which followed—placed its emphasis either on success or on security, and, in either case, looked to the future. "Everything," writes Henry Miller, describing the household of his childhood, "was for tomorrow, but tomorrow never came." In general, modern life is extraordinarily dependent on time. No doubt, there are still areas of freedom. We have not yet reached the point described in J. G. Ballard's story "Chronopolis,"[4] in which, to avoid traffic problems, every detail of everyone's daily life is governed by a rigid time-table. The narrator of Zamyatin's wholly time-dominated *We* can look back with astonishment to our own era as one when men were still free to

[4] Included in J. G. Ballard, *The Four-Dimensional Nightmare* (Penguin, 1965).

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walk in the streets, or to have sexual intercourse, at times of their own choosing. But the fact remains that whereas not until the late Middle Ages were there town clocks, modern life would be unimaginable without what the English language significantly calls "a wrist-*watch*." It is by no means surprising, then, that the ideal of timelessness—of inhabiting a world in which nobody ever says "you'll be late"—should have its appeal.

NOR IS IT AT ALL SURPRISING that the ideal of pure enjoyment should be resuscitated. For a great many people, life in our society—as, admittedly, in any other society—has been sheer toil, not at all a "game," let alone an exercise of "loves." This is perhaps particularly true of the executive classes, from the ranks of whose children the New Mystics are so largely recruited. As for play, simple carefree enjoyment, that has threatened to vanish. Forced to postpone enjoyment, the middle-aged generation, as the young can see for themselves, find it unattainable when at last they "have time" for it. They seek for enjoyment, no doubt, but what they find, often enough, is only a new form of toil. Even games in the narrower sense of the word have come to be reserved for those who play them well; and merely to play, as distinct from playing games, is thought of as undignified, unworthy of the "serious man." (There is an extraordinary contrast, at this point, between the attitude of the Japanese—in so far as they are still not wholly converted to Western ways—and the attitude of the West; the idea of relaxation as "play" still survives in Japan. But it is conjoined, it would seem, with an attitude of mind for which work is mere toil, not enjoyment with care.)[5]

IF THE OLD PURITANICAL ATTITUDES to sexual play have broken down (this has only happened in part) they have often been replaced by new forms of anxiety, deriving from "sex manuals"—anxieties about "sexual adequacy," anxieties about inhibitions. Whole books are now written on "the sexual responsibility" of the man or of the woman. Sex has become almost as serious a matter, as little spontaneous, as business. "Sexual play" is now, at its best, a "game," but at its worst, dutiful toil, no longer the spontaneous flowering of tender sensuality, but an applied technique. The intentions behind such manuals are often humane; they are attempts to turn sexual activity into a form of love which involves the cherishing of each sexual partner by the other. Many of them take as their starting-point a growing concern for women, the refusal to regard them as mere objects of enjoyment. But every "love," like every "game," can easily be converted into a form of anxiety-ridden toil. "We turn lovemaking into a compulsory sport," writes the novelist Stephen Vizinczey in his *In Praise of Older Women*, "an etiquette of technique or a therapeutic prescription." And then in reaction from this, as he goes on to point out, we "haste to succumb to joy"; we take the libertine as our hero. (The libertine lives in an "Everlasting Now" by deliberately refusing to pay any attention to the future of the woman he seduces.) That kind of love which is neither a game nor a form of toil, which rests on enjoyment with care but cherishes its object is what seems to lie beyond our capacities.

Paroxysms of Intoxication

ONE CAN ONLY TOO EASILY understand why, when "loves" are understood as "toil," the new mystics reject every form of care involving cherishing love, in favour of an immediate anxiety-free enjoyment, Paradise Now, to be obtained by drugs, if in no other way. Their spokesmen, for the most part, fail to make the crucial distinctions on which we have been insisting. They distinguish, merely, between "games" and "non-games"—defining games as "behavioural sequences defined by roles, rules, rituals, goals, strategies, values" and counting as non-games only "physiological reflexes, spontaneous play, and transcendental awareness."[6] But role, rules, goals, strategies, values are as characteristic of toil as of games: such a definition entirely overlooks the element of *enjoyment* in games—perhaps because it is being assumed, as it is so often assumed, that "care" and "enjoyment" are incompatible. As a consequence, it is made

[5] David & Evelyn Riesman: *Conversations in Japan* (1967), pp. 188, 195.
[6] Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert, & Ralph Metzner, *The Psychedelic Experience* (1964), p. 13; Lewis Yablonsky, *The Hippie Trip* (1968), pp. 311-12.

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to appear that man has to choose between toil and play. It may be argued that the best human society can do for most men is to provide for them intervals of play in a life of toil. In his *Laws* (653) Plato suggests something of this kind. The Gods, he says, out of pity for men's toil have set up festivals, to offer them relief. The "carnival"—a period of irresponsible enjoyment—is a familiar feature of traditional societies and has survived, in a reduced and modified form, into the modern world. Puritanism, with its ideal of a wholly toil-dominated life, sought to destroy festivals; the contemporary fascination with "orgies" reflects, perhaps, a self-conscious attempt to reinstate them. It is worth observing that not only the essentially totalitarian Plato but also Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor suggest that a life which alternates between toil and play is the one which makes men easiest to control. When men enjoy their work they also demand the freedom to innovate within it; toil plus play is a recipe for tyranny, enjoyment in work entails freedom.

CLOSELY ASSOCIATED with the rejection of loves as too onerous is the rejection of freedom and responsibility in favour of the mystical ideal of "unity." The young generation respond (so we are told) "to the sense and sound of friendship and community, to the exultation they feel when thousands of people link hands and sing *We Shall Overcome*." They are prepared to sacrifice everything to "that feeling of community, of life;" they are not to be deterred by "19th-century rhetoric about democracy and freedom."[7] This, of course, was the Nazi attitude. If the young have come to mistrust "19th-century rhetoric about freedom and democracy"—not surprisingly when one recalls how often this "rhetoric" is used by those for whom "freedom" means the despoliation of natural resources and "democracy" the use of the State to suppress minorities—they have still not learnt sufficiently to mistrust 20th-century rhetoric about "community and life".

I do not mean to suggest that the "Romantic Rebels" are Nazis in jeans; they have an almost pathological mistrust of the "leader principle." Fundamentally, they are Dionysians, in Nietzsche's sense of the word. Indeed, Nietzsche's description of the Dionysians sums up their ideals admirably:

> Now the slave is free; now all the stubborn, hostile barriers, which necessity, caprice or shameless fashion have erected between man and man, are broken down. Now, with the gospel of universal harmony, each one feels himself not only united, reconciled, blended with his neighbour, but as one with him; he feels as if the veil of Maya had been torn aside and were now merely fluttering in tatters before the mysterious Primordial Unity. In song and dance man expresses himself as a member of a higher community . . . from him emanate supernatural sounds. He feels himself a god, he himself now walks about enchanted, in ecstasy, like to the gods whom he saw walking about in his dreams. He is no longer an artist, he has become a work of art: in these paroxysms of intoxication, the artistic power of all nature reveals itself to the highest gratification of the Primordial Unity.

There could be no better description of the world of pure play. Nietzsche, too, was no Nazi. But the fact is that the attempt to construct a society wholly based on "play" and "community" leads either to total collapse or to tyranny. If not the God Dionysus, then an earthly, and less amiable, surrogate, has to sustain it.[8]

The attempt, however, is understandable. Modern democracy, which pretends to be pluralistic, daily becomes more atomistic. Universities, for example, threaten to become stock-piles of experts, who in no way cherish either the traditions of the University to which they belong or, except in an accidental way, their colleagues and pupils. The Stoical ideal of self-sufficiency has in part been realised: the effect is that men feel isolated, powerless against the State, lonely. Often enough, especially in America, loneliness is described as if it were the human condition. But the themes of human loneliness, separation, isolation, are typical of the industrial age, not of literature as a whole, where loneliness is represented, rather, either as something to be sought—"I wandered lonely as a cloud"—or as a condition to which a few, but only a few, human beings are subjected by chance. Adam Ferguson saw this clearly, even in the 18th century. It is, he suggests, only in the "commercial state"—although he adds "if ever"—

> that man is sometimes found a detached and a solitary being: he has found an object which

[7] Jacobs and Landau, *The New Radicals* (1966), p. 15.

[8] See *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music* (trans. Fadiman) in *The Philosophy of Nietzsche* (1937). The reference is to pp. 173-4 of the separately paginated text of *Ecce Homo* and *The Birth of Tragedy*.

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> sets him in competition with his fellow-creatures, and he deals with them as he does with his cattle and his soil, for the sake of the profits they bring.[9]

THE YOUNG ARE REBELLING, in part, against the atomistic tendencies of modern society. But they have reacted, in the manner only too typical of human beings, by reverting to the old perfectibilist—and in the end tyrannical—ideal of a total unity rather than the admittedly more complex ideal of a plurality of intersecting communities. It is very natural to argue thus: the experience of belonging to a community is essential to "humanity," therefore the best of all possible worlds would be a total community to which everyone would belong. But this conclusion by no means follows. If communities can be stimulating, encouraging, the source of "graces," they can also be stifling, discouraging, destructive of love. A man can be born into a community which does not suit him, from which he has to break loose if he is ever to enjoy his particular loves. One great virtue of democracy, so long as it continues to be a network of communities, is that it is always possible to leave one community and join another, with different rules, different habits, devoted to different pursuits.

This implies, however, that not *everybody* does so; otherwise, there will be no community to join; the value of a community depends on its possessing a degree of stability, of continuity. (Admitting, of course, that the birth of new communities and the death of old communities is also a part of the democratic process.) Too considerable a degree of mobility destroys community; it generates what Durkheim called *anomie*. A university teacher, for example, is unlikely to cherish his university, his colleagues, his students, if he is perpetually poised, ready to move anywhere which offers him more money or a higher status. He may try to substitute his professional associations for his university, but the professional association provides relatively few personal contacts: it cannot serve as a substitute for a face-to-face group. And it leaves his students, not yet "professionals," with no sense of belonging, in their university, to a genuine community.[10]

THESE ARE JUST the circumstances in which one would expect to encounter a sense of loss, issuing in a demand for a total community, in which one would be "at home" wherever one moved. To react thus, however, is to miss the point that a community needs to be small and adapted to the special interests of its members —"available," up to certain limits of size, to those who share these interests, but certainly not providing a suitable "home" for everybody. A "total" community would be so diluted as to be no longer a community. Concretely, indeed, it would coincide with that completely atomistic society which, abstractly, is its opposite extreme.

It is easy enough to see this in the history of universities. The attempt to include all forms of activity within the university destroys the university; it becomes pointless, from the standpoint of "community," to be a member of it. Everyone begins to pursue his work in isolation from his fellows. So the "total" community—the "multiversity"—ceases to be a community at all, and the advantages which previously excluded persons and activities were supposed to gain from membership of it no longer exist—just as when an attempt is made to "let everybody enjoy" the peace and quiet of a mountain valley by opening a four-lane highway to it. The student, often enough, feels that he belongs to a "real community" only when he joins in revolutionary activity; the "sit-in" is a community, as the university itself is not.

Communities differ in character, however. A university is not, and cannot be, anything like a "sit-in." Terrible confusion has been caused by the confluence of a number of factors: the ridiculous habit of describing the university as "a community of scholars" rather than as, at best, a community of scholars and pupils, the educational dogma that education must be "problem-oriented" rather than "subject-oriented," the overemphasis in universities on the contemporary, the breaking up of educational sequences into disordered "units." (All of these factors have been particularly influential in faculties of arts and social sciences.) Together, they generate the conclusion that the ideal university would be one in which students and teachers, on

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[9] Adam Ferguson, *An Essay on the History of Civil Society* (1767; ed. 1966), p. 19.

[10] There is, of course, an enormous literature on this subject. The major lines of controversy are sketched in Ferdinand Tönnies, *Community and Society* (1887, tr. and ed. Loomis, 1957).

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equal terms, sat around discussing whatever "problems" happened to be currently fashionable. The fact is that students entering a university are ignorant; what they need is to be introduced to consecutive and ordered subjects. As pupils they have rights in the community, and they can reasonably complain when their masters ignore them, teach them badly, or not at all, and refuse to allow them to participate in the university's government. But a university is not, cannot be, and ought not to be, a community of equals. It could become such only by destroying scholarship, abandoning learning, forgetting that its task is to *teach*, which implies that there are learners, and to advance knowledge, which implies that knowledge is something one only gradually acquires.

Once again, the remedy proposed by the "Romantic rebels" is even worse than the disease. The demand that their teachers be constantly at their beck and call, for example, displays a complete incapacity to understand the conditions necessary for scholarly work. But, on the other hand, a pupil needs to do a great deal more than merely to "audit" a course—that revealing American expression; he needs to participate in courses of studies as distinct from simply "hearing" what is said to him.

IN MARSHALL MCLUHAN'S *The Medium is the Massage*—McLuhan, it is worth observing, is a warm admirer of Teilhard de Chardin—the ideas of timelessness and of "community" are explicitly run together.

> Ours is a brand-new world of allatonceness. Time has ceased, space has vanished. We now live in a *global* village . . . a simultaneous happening. . . . We have begun again to structure the primordial feeling, the tribal emotions from which a few centuries of literacy divorced us.

Considered as an account of what is actually the case, this is utter nonsense. Men live as much in time and space as they ever did, and in a manner by no means global. Television, on which McLuhan lays so much stress, does not carry the world to the sitting-room; on the contrary, much more than a book, it carries the sitting-room to the world. Men still judge what they see in the light of where and what they are. They are not brought into human relationship with one another merely by looking at the same television programme. If, however, McLuhan is misreporting what is actually the case, he is not misreporting what a great many of the younger generation like to think is the case: that only the present counts, and that the present is the same everywhere—a belief which is no doubt encouraged by the illusion of "prescience" and "contemporaneity" which television offers its devotees. The "Everlasting Now" is ready at hand for all men. To see, as Angela of Foligno professed to do, "the whole world, both here and beyond the sea" they stand in no need of ascetic disciplines; they need only buy, or rent, a television set.

Naked Unisex

TIMELESSNESS AND COMMUNITY are by no means the only perfectibilist ideals to which the "Romantic" rebels revert. The word "beat" in the phrase "the beat generation" is not, as might easily be supposed, a way of referring to those who have been beaten by life; it is an abbreviation for the "beatific", those who have experienced the beatific vision. The old perfectibilist demand for absolute purity of motive has once more raised its head. So the Californian "Diggers"—a "Hippie" group—will accept gifts "only if they are given with love," as distinct from charity. ("Charity" no longer means the love of God, but, rather, a patronising "hand-out"; thus, by an interesting twist of language, acting "out of charity" has come to be identified with acting out of impure motives, whereas to Christians charity was the only pure motive.)

Even the most bizarre "Romantic rebel" behaviour can turn out, indeed, to have its roots in a long-standing mystical perfectibilist tradition. Take, for example, unisexuality.[11] According to Genesis, God first of all created

[11] On the unisexual tendencies in the United States see, although with considerable reservations, Charles Winick, *The New People*. The themes of nakedness and unisexuality played a prominent part in the Adamite sects, to which Augustine refers, and were also conspicuous in the teachings of certain of the Brethren of the Free Spirit. Sects of this kind have of course—like the "hippies" of our time—always been a small minority. But the reappearance of these ideas at such crucial stages in the history of civilisation is of more than passing interest. See particularly Wilhelm Fränger: *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch* (tr. Wilkins and Kaiser, 1962), ch. 2. In the light of recent developments, Fränger's interpretation (p. 121) of Bosch's notorious "anal flower" may have to be reconsidered; the interpretation he rules out, that the Brethren of the Free Spirit thought every erogenous zone permissible, may well be the correct one.

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Adam; he did not create Eve directly, as a pure expression of his creative power; he made her out of Adam's rib. Man and woman, according to Genesis, are "one flesh." The implication was not lost on mystical perfectibilists. In the state of perfection, they tell us, there will indeed be only one flesh. In the apocryphal Gospel according to the Egyptians, Jesus tells Salome that the final secrets will not be unveiled until "ye have trampled on the garment of shame, and when the two become one, and the male with the female is neither male nor female." In the so-called "Second Epistle of Clement" this becomes: "When the two shall be one and the outside (that which is without) as the inside (that which is within), and the male with the female neither male nor female."

JACOB BOEHME, the 16th-century mystic, was convinced that imperfection entered the world with Eve's creation. No longer were all created things direct emanations of God—Eve was the prime exception. The German mystically-inclined poet, Gottfried Benn—at one time an enthusiastic follower of Hitler—took as his ideal that "pre-logical" stage of human consciousness, when religion reflected "the original monosexuality of the primitive organism, which performed seed-formation, copulation and impregnation within itself."[12] In many Indian sects, male and female are but different aspects of the one deity. "Margot"—one of the "hippies" in Lawrence Lipton's *The Holy Barbarians*—has been told by her male associates that "the gods were conceived of in their pure primitive form as androgynous . . . hermaphroditic." To be godlike, it follows, one must first ignore the differences between the sexes. In search of "Paradise Now," men and women must dress alike, act alike, and in their sexual relationships be indifferent to the sex of their partner.

THAT IS ONE of the striking features of the "tribal-love rock musical" *Hair*. (Note the typical "community" reference to "tribal-love", the young American rebels are "playing Indians," rejecting the traditional view that the true hero was the individualistic, aggressive, tribe-destroyer, pioneering cowboy.) In the sharpest possible contrast to the traditional "musical," which has always emphasised sexual differentiation, *Hair* makes it hard to distinguish which of the characters are men and which women. And the sexual actions which are casually simulated appear to be determined only by proximity, indifferently directed towards male or female. It is women who suffer from this identification, as is very clearly brought out in *Hair*. Women are mere "hangers-on," no longer sexually necessary. Girls are dressed as boys rather than—for all their long hair and decorative garb—boys as girls. The sexual relationships suggested and simulated are not, for the most part, of a genital kind: they are anal and oral relationships, for which women are not necessary. What we are perhaps witnessing, in the name of "community," is a revolt against women—but a revolt in which women themselves participate because it can be represented (as by Simone de Beauvoir) as a revolt against the conception of a "feminine role." It is Eve, not Adam, who must vanish if the "original state" of perfect humanity is to be regained; she must take her old place, in Adam's rib, no longer separate flesh. This is not the first time that a class has participated in a revolution of which, in the end, it is the victim.

Unisexuality is a reversion to early childhood, to a point before sex-roles were made apparent by differentiation in clothing and behaviour. At the same time, it is a special application of the mystical search for total unity, for a total community in which, as in Fichte's and Winwood Reade's dream, all mankind thinks and feels as One. So long as the role of the sexes is sharply distinguished that total community remains inaccessible. It is no accident that in Mao's China, too, differentiation between the sexes is reduced to a minimum.

Hair is notorious for its naked scene rather than for its unisexuality. But the nakedness, also, is presented as a mystical revelation, a revelation which makes unimportant, in the act of revealing, the difference between the sexes. More significantly, it suggests a ritual sloughing-off, a purification, through the casting away of "inessentials," mystical and perfectibilist in its inspiration. Adam and Eve, in

[12] Gottfried Benn, "Provoziertes Leben," in *Ausdrucksswelt: Essays und Aphorismen* (Wiesbaden, 1949); trans. as "Provoked Life: An Essay on the Anthropology of the Ego" in *The Psychedelic Reader* (ed. Weil, Metzner, and Leary, 1965), p. 42.

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the familiar Genesis story, "were both naked, the man and his wife. and were not ashamed." God knew that Adam had sinned, when he saw he had covered his nakedness. Unselfconscious nakedness, an unawareness of sexual difference, belongs in other words, to Paradise; self-consciousness about nakedness only to man after the Fall. Orthodox Christianity took as its point of departure man in his fallen state; in medieval sculpture, therefore, the naked figure is a "huddled body cowering in consciousness of sin."[13] Metaphorically, however, nakedness continued to play its ancient role. The mystic must "strip himself naked" before he can unite himself with God. In the Syrian monasteries, as amongst Eastern mystics, physical nakedness was by no means uncommon as a sign of sanctity.

At the same time—a fact of which the Nazis made full use in their concentration camps—*compulsory* nakedness can be a powerful weapon of humiliation, as also can be that replacement of names by numbers which is a feature of mathematically perfect societies. By making himself naked—as by scourging himself, by starving himself, by prostrating himself, by submitting without question to authority—the ascetic mystic voluntarily makes use of precisely the dehumanising mechanisms the totalitarian state uses to impose its will on its victims.

The Dropping of Inhibitions

WITH THE Renaissance painters, nakedness is once more linked with Paradise. Later writers and painters have developed the association between nakedness and perfection still further. In the eighteenth century the conception of the Pacific as an idyllic Paradise inhabited by noble savages was strengthened by the nakedness of those "savages." E. M. Forster's "The Machine Stops" presents the hero, Kuno, as rebelling against the atomistic life of his machine-governed Utopia. Trying to make his way to the outer world, he reflects:

> I felt that humanity existed, and that it existed without clothes .... Had I been strong, I would have torn off every garment I had, and gone out into the outer air unswaddled.[14]

The inhabitants of the most attractive of Wells' Utopias, *Men Like Gods,* go unself-consciously naked; that the visitors from our planet are horrified, or tantalised, by their nakedness is, as Wells represents the situation, the clearest possible sign of their imperfection. So when the cast of the "Living Theatre" strip themselves naked for their performance of *Paradise Now* they are reverting to an ancient theme. (Of course, the desire to shock is also an ancient one; but it would be a mistake to suppose that this is all that is involved in apocalyptic nakedness.)

The road to Paradise, one might conclude, is simple: It does not involve a prolonged agony through a night of the soul; all one need do is to take off one's pants. That would not be quite fair. The dropping of pants is a symbol for the dropping of inhibitions. The New Mystic, as we have already seen, rejects Freud's own view that inhibitions are essential to civilisation. Man, he believes, is naturally good; and any society which rests on inhibitions is but an artificial civilisation—a "plastic" substitute for a genuine inhibition-less community, in which man's natural goodness will express itself in love and tenderness.

DRUG-TAKING is another instance in which ancient mystical ideals reappear in a more explicitly physical guise. Again and again, in describing the effects of drugs, addicts use language which compellingly reminds us of mysticism and of Stoicism.

Many drug-takers, in flight from "humanity" and the care inherent in it, turned first to mysticism. So when they took drugs, the language of mysticism was at their disposal to describe their experiences; they taught that language to new converts. But the fact remains that the old language seemed to them to fit their new experiences like a glove. It is very important to recognise that drug-taking has now—as for centuries past in other cultures—taken on the character of a religion: it has zealous converts, who seek to convert others. Like any other religion, of course, it also serves as a source of profit to "drug-pushers." But this should not be allowed to conceal the manifest sincerity of a great many drug-takers and drug-recommenders. "LSD," Marx might now have written, "is

[13] Kenneth Clark, *The Nude* (1956), p. 303.
[14] E. M. Forster, "The Machine Stops," in *Collected Tales* (1968), p. 170.

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the religion of the intellectuals."[15] Hashish, a 19th-century addict wrote, offers to men "a sense of detachment from oneself, of loss of all impulse towards action, and of widespread indifference to other persons as to all worldly ties." Describing his feelings under the influence of mescalin, a contemporary poet uses such expressions as "I know everything"; "there is no Time": "I am without care, part of all." The resemblances between drug-inspired and mystical experience have been most thoroughly explored by Aldous Huxley and Alan Watts—who first established his reputation as an exponent of Zen Buddhism. Under the influence of mescalin, Huxley reports,

> visual impressions are greatly intensified . . . . Interest in space is diminished and interest in time falls almost to zero . . . . The mescalin taker sees no reason for doing anything in particular and finds most of the causes for which, at ordinary times, he was prepared to act and suffer, profoundly uninteresting.[16]

In other words, he no longer cares and no longer cherishes.

Watts adds that drugs revive a sense of community. By breaking down that defensiveness which inhibits physical tenderness, they help men and women to enter into "associations with others based on physical gestures of affection," associations which take the form of "rites, dances, or forms of play which clearly symbolise mutual love between the members of the group."[17] In the normal life of modern industrial societies, men and women are inhibited from these relationships; they are unable to permit themselves any erotic contacts—touching, for example—which fall between the extremes of purely verbalised contacts and full genital sexuality. But, by destroying inhibitions, drugs make such contacts possible, and in so doing (it is argued) promote community.

To the traditional Christian it is, of course, an intolerable suggestion that there is any resemblance whatsoever between "spiritual" and drug-taking mysticism. But, as Huxley points out, the classical mystics did in fact produce bodily changes in themselves—by starvation, by flagellation, by the perpetual muttering of prayers. All of these give rise to physical changes in the body, precisely the sort of changes which from our knowledge of bio-chemistry we should expect to produce "mystical experience."

THESE OBSERVATIONS do not, of course, suffice to demonstrate that the mystics were mistaken in what they reported, that they were wrong in supposing that they have been granted a vision of God. Huxley himself believed that the taking of drugs can now accomplish what it once took starvation and flagellation to bring about. It so affects the chemistry of the brain that the brain no longer acts in its normal fashion as an inhibitor, allowing us to experience only what is practically important, and so permits what Huxley calls "Mind at large" to flow through its filters.

The title of Huxley's principal book on drug-taking is *The Doors of Perception*. His epigraph is from Blake: "If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite." (The quotation is from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell;* I have corrected Huxley's version to make it conform to the text in the Oxford Standard Authors edition of Blake's *Poetical Works*, p. 254.) In Blake, very many of the themes we have just been developing are clearly announced: the emphasis on infancy, "*nestling for delight In laps of pleasure*" (p. 290); the attack on Newtonian-type science and abstract reasoning (p. 381 and *passim*); the praise of "*the naked Human Form Divine*" (p. 157); the hostility to "*the two impossibilities, Chastity and Abstinence, Gods of the Heathen*" (p. 429). Note as well, what is very typical of the "Romantic Rebels," Blake's Christianity without God—"God is Jesus" (p. 430)—and his hostility to societies of "*wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic Moving by compulsion each other*" as contrasted with Eden whose "*wheel within wheel, in freedom; revolve in harmony and peace*" (p. 388). In short, Blake forcibly reminds us just how much of what the "Romantic rebels" teach derives from a long tradition.

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[15] On this point see especially Richard Blum and associates: *Utopiates: The use and users of LSD* (London, 1965), p. 134. For a criticism of the attempt to relate drug mysticism to classical mysticism—a criticism directed especially against Huxley, see R. C. Zaehner, *Mysticism: Sacred and Profane* (1957), which particularly insists on the point that Christianity stops short of the idea of an *absolute* unity between the mystic and God.

[16] Aldous Huxley, *The Doors of Perception* (1954). p. 23.

[17] Alan W. Watts, *The Joyous Cosmology* (1962), p. 92.

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The Pleasures of Austerity

THE QUESTION what we are to make of reports of mystical experience is, of course, a large one, not lightly to be settled. One thing is obvious: whenever the mystics—"spiritual" or "bodily"—make claims which can be empirically tested, they are false. Angela of Foligno tells us that she was lifted up so that she could see all the countries of the world; it follows that in her mystical vision the world was flat. Had we asked her to describe then-undiscovered Australia it is not a mere guess that she could not have done so accurately. If, similarly, a drug-taker tells us that, now he has taken LSD, he "feels like Einstein" it will certainly be pointless to expect from him some new contribution to the unified field theory. He is in exactly the same position as the alcoholic driver who is convinced that he is now in a fit state to win the *Grand Prix*. William James has told us how under the influence of ether he was convinced that he was thinking great thoughts. Writing them down he discovered them, in his waking moments, to be absolute nonsense, of a pseudo-metaphysical kind. Not every drug-mystic, unfortunately, is a William James, capable of recognising nonsense when he sees it.

As for the view, again an empirical claim, that drug-taking encourages a "sense of community," no one can read the pitiful story of American "hippie" communities and still believe that drugs encourage "community," as distinct from vague feelings of "togetherness." A genuine community has common interests and is able to work together in a common life. Out of its common interests affection develops. Touching is not a substitute for love—which is not, by any means, to deny that physical contacts of this sort can have their value.

Nor is there any ground for believing that drugs and spiritual exercises "enlarge the consciousness." Science *does* enlarge men's consciousness: it enables human beings to range more freely through space and time; it reveals to them a set of objects about which they would otherwise be entirely ignorant. Art, too, "enlarges the consciousness;" it creates new objects, objects we can enjoy with care; it helps us to appreciate the shapes and forms, the modes of life, which lie around us. Drugs and mystical exercises, on the contrary, deliberately set out to *destroy* consciousness, governed as it is by care; they seek to carry men back to the world as they experienced it before they were capable of thinking, a world without structure and order, in which contours and forms float free, the world of "pure experience" (as Bradley and James described it) in which even the distinction between men and the world around them does not exist. Becoming a human being consists, precisely, in learning how to reduce to order that primitive chaos of experience—to which we sometimes revert under conditions of fever or extreme fatigue. The mystic wants us to forget everything we have learnt: in short, no longer to be human.

EVEN MORE OBVIOUSLY is this true of Zen Buddhism. The Zen monk seeks to go back even beyond childhood, to think of himself as if he were a rock or stone. The typical Zen stone-gardens are made of unchanging rocks —the seasonal changes of the Western garden play no part in them. The living is excluded, because the living involves care, change, death. Such gardens undoubtedly have their attractions as a moral holiday, a respite from the attempt to grasp and cope with a changing world—the same sort of respite which can be obtained in a mountain range.

This, it might be argued, is only in order to deal more effectively with the world; mysticism retreats only in order to advance. Classical mystics, it is sometimes said, recognised that "this is the life that counts, and that the state of self-transcendence is a means, not an end in itself." As a generalisation about "spiritual" mystics, this is false. But some mystics, certainly, have sought in transcendent states a form of spiritual refreshment, which would prepare them to live the religious life on earth.

The claim that mystical experience, whatever its origins, make its devotees better persons is hard to test—if only because there is often very little agreement between the mystics and their critics about what constitutes "a better person." But so far as there is agreement on this point, the evidence suggests that although drug-takers, at least, *feel* they are better men after their drug-taking, independent observers often disagree with them. Eighty per cent of the drug users examined in Blum's

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Utopiates (p. 104) thought their fellow drug-takers had changed for the better: sixty-nine per cent of observers who did not take drugs thought they had either not changed at all or changed for the worse. The fact seems to be that the breaking down of inhibitions by any means improves some people and makes other people worse; no one who has observed the effect of alcohol will be surprised by this observation. As for the view that the taking of LSD improves the functioning of the intellect, I can only beg the reader—to take one case—to read Timothy Leary's "The Religious Experience: Its Production and Interpretation" (in *The Psychedelic Reader*, pp. 191—213). Intellectual irresponsibility is there exhibited at its very worst. Zen Buddhism positively prides itself on its moral and political irresponsibility; a leading representative of the contemporary Zen movement found no difficulty in becoming a convinced Nazi.[18]

Equally, nineteenth-century opium addicts sometimes believed that opium-taking would offer them "spiritual experiences" which would enable them the more effectively to express themselves in poetry—even if the actual effect, in most cases, was to evoke nothing more productive than "the intention but failure to write a great philosophical work." Contemporary mystics, in contrast, often drop out of the world in intention as well as in effect; they are the modern equivalent of the fourth-century hermits in the Syrian desert—although their desert is not Syria but California and what they are mourning is not so much the worldliness of Christianity as the worldliness of Civilisation.

THE FACT REMAINS that even when the mystic believes that he has an obligation towards his fellow-men which his temporary retreat from the world will enable him, in the long run, more effectively to perform, he does not find perfection in that human relationship but only in his relationship to the One. And even if it be true that, as a result of mystical withdrawal, he finds it possible to act in ways in which he could not otherwise act, this does nothing to demonstrate that the withdrawal is itself anything but a form of play. Other men feel the need for orgies, whether sexual orgies or orgies of destruction, for bouts of drunkenness, or for violent physical exercise, to achieve the same catharsis.

To speak of the mystical ideal as one of unalloyed enjoyment is, it might be objected, an absurd misinterpretation of the situation. How can it possibly be said that the mystic is longing for a life of unalloyed enjoyment when he endures such austerities? But two points arise here. First, we have come to be somewhat suspicious of austerities. As little as half a century ago Baron von Hügel could relate with every expectation of approval the story of a nun who, on learning that a favourite pupil had become the mistress of a wealthy man, told her that until the relationship was terminated, she would scourge herself daily so that she stood in a pool of her own blood. Such spiritual blackmail has nowadays lost much of its moral appeal. But even apart from that, the nun's motives would now, very commonly, be regarded with suspicion; the sexual complications of such self-scourging are only too familiar. Scourging can be a form of sexual play. The practices of famous medieval ascetics are described in detail in the case-histories of Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*.

As well, and more fundamentally, mystical austerities are commonly represented as a "stripping off" to the point of nakedness. It is a constant theme of perfectibilists that men need to return to an earlier state, to become as little children, to find their way back to unity with Nature, to the undifferentiated whole they experienced before they began to think, to primitive community. Difficulty, struggle, toil, are needed only in order to find the way back. That the mystic is forced to toil, to struggle, does nothing to demonstrate that what he is seeking to achieve at the end of his struggle is something other than a state of absolute unalloyed enjoyment. The old mystic differs from the new mystics only in believing that to achieve that state he must first toil, not in his definition of what he hopes to achieve.

[18] Compare on this point Arthur Koestler: *Drinkers of Infinity* (London, 1968), pp. 287-91. In his *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* Alfred Rosenberg traced back the ideas of the Nazis to German mystics, especially Eckhart. This, no doubt, is too hard on the mystics, but it is not *entirely* without justification. Contemporary hippy-mystics are often convinced that they are the recipients of a special divine grace. They display that fanaticism, "aristocratic" pride, and antinomianism which Wesley so feared, setting themselves above all kinds of moral restraint.

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The danger attaching to LSD, the fact that it may, often does, produce suffering—a "dark night" of depression and horror—is part of its attractiveness to some of its devotees; it links them more closely with the mystical tradition.

Pseudo-loves & Little Loves

AT THE OPPOSITE EXTREME from the play-ideal lies Puritanism, that Puritanism, so potent in the United States, but widespread also in Europe, against which the new mystics are reacting and which has to be taken into account if their attitudes are to be comprehensible.

Obscenities are a rebellion against the euphemisms of the "comfort-station" and the "powder-room:" nakedness against an extreme body-Puritanism, for which even to show the navel was wicked: unisexuality against a rigid distinction between masculine and feminine roles, panic-stricken by homosexuality; dirtiness and, more particularly, carelessness about faeces against the exaggeration of hygiene and toilet-training; pacifism against the cult of violence and gun-carrying; the ideal of "community" against a viciously competitive individualism; the ideal of play against an intense seriousness of purpose, wholly hostile to wit, irony or any kind of secret smile; the "return to Nature" against savage industrial despoliation; mysticism and ritualism against a moralistic version of Christianity.

> "Play of whatever sort," [a German educator once wrote] "should be forbidden in all evangelical schools, and its vanity and folly should be explained to the children with warnings of how it turns the mind away from God and eternal life, and works destruction on their immortal souls."[19]

"Play," in this context, has of course, the widest possible application: any form of enjoyment, whether it be play, game, or love, "turns the mind away from God." Life should be wholly devoted, according to the Puritan, to toil. Secularists have sometimes adopted a not dissimilar attitude. Anxious not to be condemned as pagan hedonists they—some of the Fabians, for example—have so strongly emphasised the importance of duty, of service, of seriousness that, in their practical attitudes to life, they could scarcely be distinguished from the most pious of Puritans. There is certainly nothing playful about George Eliot, or about the Webbs.

Up to a point, in reacting against the Puritan attitude to life the exponents of Paradise Now are saying no more than what is said in those somewhat trite but extremely pertinent lines of the Georgian poet W. H. Davies;

> *What is this life, if full of care*
> *We have no time to stand and stare?*

Looking back on his own past life, so serious a philosopher as Herder was led to comment adversely, as many of us might do on looking back at our own life, on its absence of play. "The sense of touch and the world of sensuous pleasures," he writes, "... these I have not enjoyed. I see and feel *at a distance*." We have all lost, he goes on to suggest, "the noble sensuality of ancient times, especially in the East." He himself had suffered in later life, he came to think, because he had failed, in his youth, to live the life "of images, of sensations, of upsurging delight."[20]

In so far as contemporary mysticism develops this theme, in so far, that is, as it is a reaction against a life too "full of care," one does not have to be a mystic to appreciate its attractions. J. M. Keynes was certainly no mystic; but even he complained that men have looked too much to the future; in the language of the nursery, they have placed too much stress on jam tomorrow, too little on jam today.[21]

THERE IS CERTAINLY room in life for play, room for "moral holidays," more room than our society has permitted. Herbert Marcuse has particularly emphasised that the "scarcity" which is used to justify the postponement of gratification is, in modern industrial societies, largely artificial; ideas like "economic growth" and a "higher standard of living," used to justify more and more toil, have become absurd fetishes. When Freud argued that civilisation can only be founded on repression, because human resources are so limited that immediate gratification would destroy civilisation, he was reflecting the ideas of a pre-technological age. Much human toil, nowadays, is directed

[19] The pietist Töllner, quoted in K. Groos: *The Play of Man* (1901), pp. 398-9.
[20] J. G. Herder, *Travel Diary* (trans. Barnard), in *J. G. Herder on Social and Political Culture* (1969), pp. 69, 78, 83.
[21] J. M. Keynes, *Essays in Persuasion* (1931), p. 370.

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towards the obtaining of possessions and status which are simply not worth having—which, having, one does not enjoy; which are possessed only to be cast aside in favour of objects which are more "up-to-date" and can be purchased only by additional toil. If violence increases to a point at which every citizen has to buy a double lock for every door and add a room to his house as an armoury, this will contribute to economic growth. A country may have a high national income only because it is busy producing weapons of war. Its standard of living may be statistically reported as "high" only because unscrupulous salesmen are successful in selling shoddy goods by fraudulent methods to customers who get no enjoyment out of what they are persuaded into buying.[22]

But this is not to say that we should take as our ideal a world which is without past and future or entirely devoid of care. Brown is certainly right. If men were not "full of care," they would have no sense of time—as children at first have not, or that kind of adult who is ordinarily condemned as "irresponsible." They would have no logic, no history, no quantified science, no technology, no system of production. One can go much further than this. They would have no art, no friendship, no stable human relationships. No doubt, these points are disputable. The attempt to turn art into a "happening" is, one might say, precisely the attempt to create an art without "care," which is to be enjoyed once and for all as it happens and which is to be in its creation entirely spontaneous, the expression of an immediate enjoyment.[23] And this is only the Romantic conception of art carried to its extremes; in a fashion characteristic of Romanticism it encourages Pelagian pride, pride in one's "creativity" or originality, discourages pride in work.

Art, however, is not simply play, it is a form of love—enjoyment with care, cherishing an object. So is science. A "science" which was "erotic exuberance," which did not try to generalise, to economise, which sought only to enjoy each individual object for itself as distinct from cherishing the growth of knowledge would simply not *be* science. What we may question, indeed, is whether the ideal of a life wholly devoted to enjoyment is even conceivable. The baby must, eventually, withdraw its lips from its mother's breast; the sexual embrace cannot last forever. Only if the mystic is right, only if there is an "Everlasting Now" to which one can be eternally attached, is perpetual enjoyment possible. And the idea of such an "Everlasting Now" to which a temporal being can somehow attach himself cannot stand up to philosophical criticism. It "saves" itself only by retreating into unintelligibility, as the doctrines of the pseudo-Dionysus will sufficiently illustrate.

FOR ALL ITS VIRTUES, then, play is not enough. Theatrical "happenings"—except when they are interspersed, as they so often are, with boring, sentimental and witless dialogue—can be exciting, in their primitive way; they may represent the return of a not-undesirable Dionysian element into our art. To suppose, however, that a society would be more perfect whose theatre despised Shakespeare and concentrated on "happenings" is as clearly absurd as to suppose that a society would be more

[22] For more on the topic of economic growth see, allowing for his idiosyncrasies, E. J. Mishan: *The Costs of Economic Growth* (London, 1967) and on national income see, for example, C. S. Shoup: *Principles of National Income Analysis* (Boston, 1947), pp. 269-70. It is interesting to note that although he is a fundamentally conservative thinker Mishan agrees with the "Romantic rebels" on at least two crucial points: the need for re-creating a sense of community and the need for living more fully in the present. The conventional "Left" and the conventional "Right" are still squabbling about who is to get what, and by what means; the Soviet Union and the United States are equally committed to the fetish of economic growth. That is one major reason why the conventional divisions between political parties now seem to many people quite irrelevant: the basic conflict, only gradually emerging, is between those who are still wholly committed to the ideal of economic growth and those who are uninterested in economic growth, except where there is *clear evidence* that—as it sometimes has done, and in many countries still could do—it improves the quality of men's lives, diminishes mutual suspicion, enables men to devote themselves more freely to their loves, offers them opportunities for creative enterprise, or, in short, does what the Enlightenment hoped it would do.

[23] It can also be an expression of discontent, a wilful—as distinct from a playful—destruction of established forms and practices, directed against their authoritarian character, or what is presumed to be such. In this respect the "happening" in Heinrich Böll's novel *The End of a Mission* (tr. Vennewitz, 1968) may be more typical than it at first sight appears to be. Anarchism is an attempt to turn political action into a "happening," and in anarchism there is a peculiar mixture of rational criticism and mystical aspiration. It is only to be expected that the boundary lines I have been drawing will be ill-defined and often crossed.

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perfect whose art consisted only of propaganda for approved ideals.

In discussing *Hair* we have already noted some of the ways in which the experimental theatre of the 1960s is allied to mysticism. And whether or not *Hair* "lasts" is irrelevant to its interest as a cultural phenomenon, as giving expression in the twentieth century to old, but for long submerged, mystical ideals. Much recent theatre seeks to break down the distinction between audience and performer, to make of them a "single community," and to arouse in the audience physical sensations rather than to offer them occasion for thought. Like advertising, it seeks to kill thought, not to arouse it, by making a direct onslaught on its audience. It refuses to count a thinking audience as a participating audience; to "participate" is, the presumption runs, to be physically involved, to be touched, showered with confetti, moved amongst, fondled, or sat upon. Admittedly, a good many traditional theatre audiences neither think nor participate in any other way; but whereas Shaw tried to break down the lack of participation by making his audience think—and could only do so by thinking himself—thinking by no means suits the contemporary style.

Taking up the suggestions of Antonin Artaud, theatrical productions and experimental films have sought to "explore our nervous impressionability with rhythms, sounds, words, resonances and vocalisations." Theatre has abandoned the traditional stage for open halls reminiscent, in Artaud's words, "of certain temples of Upper Tibet."[24]

It is worth noting, once more, just how reactionary the new mysticism is. Such dramatic forms as comedy and tragedy gradually emerged out of ceremony and ritual; they became drama precisely by doing so. But the suggestion now is that the theatre ought to revert to the religious ceremony it once was—just as Heidegger would have human thinking revert to its pre-philosophical and pre-scientific stages. The current revival of interest in astrology, magic, the occult, witchcraft, is no less intellectually reactionary in character; it involves abandoning those habits of thinking scientifically and critically which men have slowly and painfully built up. Its recrudescence demonstrates just how little scientific thinking has penetrated our society, particularly, perhaps, the feminine segment of our society. (The women's journals are the great propagators of occultism.)

THE FACT IS, or so I am suggesting, that there is nothing better than "loves." Some measure of "play" is certainly desirable. "Games" can be enjoyable and can contribute a great deal to the vigour and vitality of a community. Toil is in some measure unavoidable; self-sacrifice, action out of duty, unenjoyable work are bound up with—and can be justified by reference to—our loves. But the quality of a society depends on the quality of the loves it exhibits and fosters.

"Man only plays," Friedrich Schiller once wrote, "when he is in the fullest sense of the word a human being, and he is only fully a human being when he plays." For "plays," in this passage, one should rather read "loves." Schiller is conscious of this in so far as he adds that "with beauty man shall only play, and it is with beauty only that he shall play." The "play" Schiller has in mind is a play in and through cherished forms. I should rather say, adopting for the nonce Schiller's style: "Man only loves when he is in the fullest sense a human being, and he is only a full human being when he loves; his loves man shall enjoy; these are not the only things he should enjoy, but they are the enjoyments in which he shows himself at his best."[25]

Quite certainly, if the loves society fosters are the love of power, of money, and of status, it is a low-grade society. Yet even these loves are relatively harmless compared with the "cosmic loves"—the activities which describe themselves as the love of God and the love of Humanity. These are the "loves"—on my view, the pseudo-loves—in the name of which human beings persecute, torture, censor, kill. Sometimes, of course, people describe as "the love of God" or "the love of Humanity" what is in fact love for persons: There are doctors, nurses, clergymen, men and women in every walk of life, whom one might in this sense describe as "loving humanity" and who might think of themselves as loving God. Again, we know what Wittgen-

[24] For Artaud see *Le théâtre et la cruauté* (*c.* 1935) and *Le théâtre de la cruauté—Premier Manifeste* (1932) included in *Le théâtre et son double* (Paris, 1964), pp. 133, 146.

[25] See Friedrich Schiller, *On the Aesthetic Education of Man*, Fifteenth Letter (ed. Wilkinson & Willoughby, 1967), p. 107.

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stein is driving at when he tells us in the foreword to his *Philosophische Bemerkungen* that, except that he knows he would be misunderstood, he would like to say of his work that it is written for the "greater glory of God;" he goes on to add that in so far as it has been written not out of this motive but out of vanity, it ought to be condemned. To act out of love for God, or for the glory of God, can mean nothing more than to seek to make a contribution to human life, as distinct from satisfying one's vanity—love as distinct from self-love is sometimes thus described as "the love of God."

But often enough men have sought to demonstrate their love for God by loving nothing at all and their love for humanity by loving nobody whatsoever. These are the men to be feared above all others—the Robespierres who "love humanity," the Inquisitors who "love God." The loves which determine the quality of a society are not such pseudo-loves as these but what, relatively speaking, might be called the "little loves" —the love of one's work, of one's friends, of works of art, of scientific and technological achievements, of justice, of political freedom, of one's community, one's wife, one's children.

ANOTHER "COSMIC LOVE" is the "love of Nature." Man's relationship to Nature exemplifies the contrasts I have been emphasising. It may be a relationship of toil: Nature is then an object to be exploited in the interests of profit. Or Nature may serve, as it does to the yachtsman and the mountaineer, as the opponent in a game. Or, finally, men may be said to "love" Nature. But two quite different attitudes are covered by this phrase. Nature may be loved as a farmer, a conservationist, a forester, loves it—as something to be cherished. Or it may be "loved", in Wordsworth's manner, as a purely sensual object; in my terminology, that is, man's relationship with Nature may be simply "play." In this latter form, significantly enough, it is often associated with mysticism. The "lover of Nature" feels himself "at one" with it, indistinguishable from it, in a kind of swooning enjoyment, not necessarily interpreted in religious terms. Even in this form, the "love of Nature" is perhaps the least harmful form of pseudo-love although one often finds it serving as a substitute for the love of care-creating human beings. Hermits often built their hermitages in settings of great natural beauty, and it would be difficult to excel, in this respect, the surroundings of Hitler's Berchtesgaden. But it is certainly the active form of love which is now called for, if this is to be a world worth living in.

The Process of Dehumanisation

WHAT OF "love for one's neighbours?" It is quite misleading to use the word "love" in this context. The appropriate attitude to a neighbour—to another human being merely as such—is not love but that quite different relationship which one might call "consideration." It consists in treating a neighbour as another human being, taking his interests into account, coming to his aid if he is in difficulties, admitting his right to live his own life in his own way. Love, when it is a love for persons, includes consideration but goes much beyond it: it is a special relationship to other persons, which implies taking a peculiar interest in their growth and development.

A principal objection to the view that we ought to love our neighbours, love them as brothers, is that it is presumptuous to do so. They may properly resent any attempt on our part to take a peculiar interest in them, merely in virtue of their being our neighbours. We certainly do not wish to be loved by everybody: why should we imagine that everybody wishes to be loved by us? Affection—personal love—always carries with it some degree of intimacy, loss of privacy. Nowhere is there more talk about "the brotherhood of man" than in the Soviet Union: there it is used to justify the total rejection of the right to privacy, the denunciation of neighbours one by another, constant interference in one another's lives. That is why Orwell called his supreme ruler "Big Brother." And precisely the same phenomenon has occurred in rigidly Christian communities like, for example, Puritan New England or 16th-century Spain.

If, with these reservations, we think of "love" as the highest form of human activity we have still to grant to the perfectibilist that "loves," even the best of them, are not perfect in any of the classical senses. "Care" is essentially involved in them, discontent, anxiety, dependence on others, disunity, opposition,

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unhappiness. Herder sums up in his characteristically metaphorical fashion: "Nowhere upon Earth does the rose of happiness blossom without thorns: but what proceeds from these thorns is everywhere and under all its forms, the lovely though perishable rose of vital joy."[26] Lovely, perishable, joyous—such are the best human loves: but full of thorns.

To WRITE, for example, can be a "vital joy," but a joy which is inevitably united with the thorns of anxious care. It is not a contribution to perfection, as perfection is classically understood. To write anything worth writing is to arouse opposition and controversy. Writing does not promote the classical perfectibilist ideals of unity and harmony or contentment. To write is to abandon all hope of self-sufficiency, to make oneself dependent on a multitude of other human beings, to surrender one's peace of mind, to stir up one's passions, to struggle with time. Love for persons is no less "imperfect" in the classical sense of the word.

On the other side, or so I have suggested, the classical ideals of perfection banish care only by dehumanising. No doubt they can be so interpreted as not to be destructive of humanity. Art and science have their own orders, the artist and the scientist seek particular forms of harmony: to that extent the love of order need not be dehumanising. If "simplicity" is interpreted to mean no more than "Do not unnecessarily complicate your life with possessions!"—it is an ideal any humanist would do well to adopt. Science, though itself a passion, must certainly be "dispassionate;" if freedom from passion means nothing more than objectivity, disinterestedness, it is certainly not a dehumanising ideal. Man needs to think of himself as "at one with the world", as the perfectibilist urges him to do, if this is to be contrasted with setting himself above, or apart from, the natural world. "Self-sufficiency" is vitally important to humanity, when it means no more than a capacity to do without such solaces as reputation and status.

But classical perfectibilists go a great deal further than this. They set out in search of a total order, a total harmony, and neither science nor art, as Plato saw and the dystopians have seen after him, could be freely operating loves within such a total order; science and art are by their very nature revolutionary, destructive of established orders. Perfectibilists tell us not only to abandon our possessions but to abandon our loves; to be not merely dispassionate but, what is very different, without passion; to seek a kind of unity which is destructive of that diversity which is the glory of the world and the secret of all man's achievements; to be self-sufficient in a sense which does not permit of love. That is precisely why perfectibilism is dehumanising. To achieve perfection in any of its classical senses, as so many perfectibilists have admitted, it would first be necessary to cease to be human, to become godlike, to rise above the human condition. But a god knows nothing of love, or science, or art, or craft, of family and friends, of discovery, of pride in work. And can we really count as perfection a condition which excludes all of these, for the sake of eternity, of order, or of unalloyed enjoyment?

Man's Useful Passion

IN SPITE OF these reflections, which might lead us to reject perfectibilism in any of its forms, it is very hard to shake off the feeling that man is capable of becoming something much superior to what he now is. This feeling, if it is interpreted in the manner of the more commonsensical Enlighteners, is not in itself irrational. There is certainly no *guarantee* that men will ever be any better than they now are; their future is not, as it were, underwritten by Nature. Nor is there any device, whether skilful government, or education, which is certain to ensure the improvement of man's condition. To that extent the hopes of the Developmentalists or the Governmentalists or the Educators must certainly be abandoned. Nor is there the slightest ground for believing, with the anarchist, that if only the State could be destroyed and men could start afresh, all would be well. But we know from our own experience, as teachers or parents, that individual human beings can come to be better than they once were, given care, and that wholly to despair of a child or pupil is to abdicate what is one's proper responsibility. We know, too, that in the past men have made advances, in science, in art, in affection.

Men, almost certainly, are capable of more than they have ever so far achieved. But what

[26] Herder, *Ideas*, Bk. VIII, ch. V, p. 222.

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they achieve, or so I have suggested, will be a consequence of their remaining anxious, passionate, discontented human beings. To attempt, in the quest for perfection, to raise men above that level is to court disaster; there is no level above it, there is only a level below it. "To be man," Sartre has written, "means to reach towards being God."[27] That is why he also describes man as a "useless passion". For certainly man is a "useless passion" if his passion is to be God. But his passions are not useless, if they help him to become a little more humane, a little more civilised.

[27] Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness* (tr. Barnes, 1957), p. 566.

Memoirs of a Book Reviewer

A month much like any other
There were five weekends in it
And no printing strike, but a rape
In Viet Nam (I believe it was), a
Symbolical German dentist removing teeth
And illusions, and a Jewish Italian
Afflicted with accidie in an elegant style
(Or maybe that was the month before)
W. Pater wrote letters to an oriental maiden
Raped by GIs, while a bored Italian Jew
Discovered the source of eternal energy in
The Antarctic (Prix des Libraires) which was
Discovered a week later by a Swede in a
Documentary novel and a balloon. A number of
Quaint peasants murdered their husbands or
Wives etc. and got off scot-free because they
Were life-enhancing. And I forgot my name
(It was found at the bottom of a page)
I wrote elegant letters to an asian woman
Murdered by the foreign soldiery. Shakespeare
Turned up, with an apt word for everything
Especially titles. I forgot my title
(The postman brought me proofs of existence)
Much drinking of *vins de pays* went on. I can
Remember a hangover. And lots of sex
In a lost world at the bottom of the Antarctic
Discovered by E. Pound, an American balloonist
And I lost my memory for several days, but
Found it at the bottom of a cheque. In a
Spare hour I tried to write a poem on life and
Death in a Vietnamese hamlet called SW18
Ravaged by peace and the brutal schoolchildren
W. Pater came about the cooker
At some stage an exhaustive life of E. Pound
Appeared. A peasant named Confucius was raped
By the brutal intelligentsia. A large man came
About the rates, a book came about the rapes, a
Large book came about Shakespeare from Voltaire
To Ungaretti. An index slipped, trouble with
An appendix, my teeth hurt. At one point (I am
Almost sure) a book reviewer died at his desk
Whose name will be found at the bottom

D. J. Enright

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William Sansom

A Loo With A View

HANS FEET sat in the smallest room. More exactly, in one of the smallest rooms; for there were six, two on each floor of this small hotel on a Greek island.

But Hans' smallest room had the best view of all. It was on the top floor. Through the open window the sea winked blue for him, apricot roofs offered the secrets of hidden washing-lines, the windows of a neighbouring hotel lit up at dusk and became mysterious little theatres busy with bodies glinting to and fro. The road running by the beach was well in sight, walled gardens inland were open to him—he could certainly keep an eye on things. But all these things were premeditated, he had chosen his bedroom in the hotel precisely to be near this particular smallest room.

Such a course had become a habit with Hans. Like many another northerner summering in the south, he knew that a bad few days would probably come when quite a time must be spent in the smallest room. It would become a second habitation. Mild dysentery, an excess of unusually rich food and drink, too much sun or the chill of a wet swimsuit—much could bring on these three or four monastic days. So with this in view, he chose a loo with a view. The bedroom windows hardly mattered as much —he would only be there for a siesta or at night. It was here in the other room that he would sit for half-hour after lonely half-hour.

He was not always in pain when he sat there. He simply sat on because the pain might start again; he could not be bothered to dress for the outside world and then come scurrying back. Besides, he liked the view, it soothed and intrigued. And he was not alone, he had his companions.

The subtropical spider, for instance, up in a corner to the right of the door. Long legs so thin they might have been strands of web, and a small dry body like an elegant grey pearl. At first Hans had thought the whole creature to be web: until one day he had seen it move, picking its way very slowly across the corner, lifting its unmanageably long legs as if footsore after a long country walk. He had read somewhere that the larger the spider, the weaker the heart. No wonder this fellow took it easy. Along with the little black mosquitoes squatted here and there on the wall triangular as jet aircraft, but fast asleep all day.

To Hans, embowelled in his small pale cell, these and other insects—a centipede french-polished to a mahogany brilliance, a busy brown beetle-fly with coyly waving antennae—these became as much his companions as the conventional rat in the prisoner's cell. He knew each one personally, missed them if temporarily absent, wondered about their lives spent so far from leaf and earth, exiles on the arid white-washed wall with only a forgotten nail and the toilet roll for company. In such bright white shade, with the blue summer boiling gold outside, it was an odd restricted microcosm with which, hourly, he was glad to grow more intimate.

But there was also the window in the outside wall, set low so the sitter could see much of the world outside as he sat: the macrocosm of the big world of people, villagers, tourists, trippers and tradesmen from the capital port across the island. The small quiescent world of insects sufficed Hans for the five minutes or so of weakness after a bout of pain; but then as his body strengthened his eyes would turn to the window and his larger world

THE DRAWINGS *accompanying this short story are by the author.*

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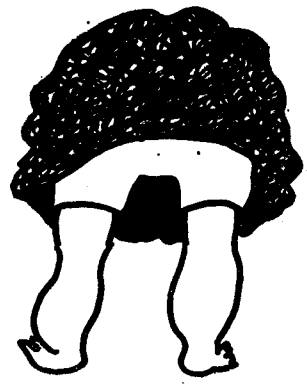
of people, which on this occasion was to embroil him in the curious train of events which finally unseated him.

LET IT NOT BE thought that, because Hans was sitting in such a room, it is a matter for amusement. Lavatories lead to laughter all too easily. Their mission is a serious one, and all the more so when, like Hans, the sitter is in pain and sadly losing day after day of a holiday saved up for throughout the year. Hans sat there sadly enough; it was only proof of his spirit of adventure, of his interest in most aspects of life, that his eye would not be stopped from roaming. Sit there dull, defeated? Not the lively Hans. He cursed, of course: he had stinted himself quite a bit for his holiday. Nor was he proof against waves of self-pity as, like a child in bed listening to the sounds of a summer night, seaside music and grown-up laughter, he heard the laughter and talk from the café beneath, and saw the big black eyes of the bathers stretched in sunglasses on the beach. Everyone else was having a good time. Only he, Hans, was left out.

Yet these people below, some as near as thirty or more feet, were company of a sort. He was much lonelier in the small hours of night when the cafés and the dancing were over, the lights out, and not a shadow moved. The placid Aegean lapped then loud. The stars brilliant in the clean air spoke too clearly of eternity, gave rise over-easily to insoluble problems. It was thus a relief one night, though indeed startling, when along the road, and silhouetted against the darkly silvered sea, there came slithering the enormous hairy head of a giant with no body. Dread Cyclopean thoughts froze him . . . this ancient classic shore, this landscape of myth, this witched hour of night—anything could happen? But it was finally no more than a peasant's cart loaded high with grass, so high and broad the donkey drawing it was invisible. How early they rose, Hans thought, what a life . . . and pitied his own predicament the less.

IT WAS AT DAWN, and during the yet cool hours between six and eight that, if he was up at his post, his loneliness was most relieved. For now the whole village was up and working hard against time and the rising strength of their enemy the sun. There was the urgency of a disturbed ants' nest in this unusual hurry among a slow-moving people. Errands of all kinds went to and fro, packages and crates appeared and disappeared, women washed everything they could get their hands on, a horse stood in the sea being swabbed with water. A couple of old men sat drinking coffee and a first glass of ouzo, keeping a stern eye on things. Boats had already come in with the night's fish, which was being sold to black-shawled women by the sea-road. A drift of plain-song came down from the monastery climbing the hill above; beautiful, but Hans was wise to it, at first he had marvelled at the many devoted voices joined in sonorous unison—until he had seen the monk with the transistor. But in a garden below he was certainly surprised one early morning to see the back of a large fat figure pulling on football shorts; it was in the vegetable patch at the end—but surely too fat a man for football? Though, of course, anyone might wear shorts? Only in this case the head was covered in voluminous black cloth—which later fell down over the shorts to make a skirt. It had been an old woman relieving herself in solitude at the end of her garden.



Hans envied her—all over and done with so quickly. But he was also glad to know at last what they wore under those huge black skirts.

NEXT DOOR was a small square pink hotel, with a few rooms at street level along the side facing Hans. One of these rooms gave him great enjoyment. In the

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morning, when a young fisherman brought up to the hotel a creel of big lobster-sized crayfish from the wet cage in the sea, he habitually paused by this one window and gave a low whistle. In a few seconds a pale arm would come out from the window, and a hand with lacquered nails would carefully grab the extended live crayfish; and as quickly withdraw. The hand was no chambermaid's hand, it wore a diamond ring which winked in the sun. Whoever the lady was could now be certain of langouste for lunch.

The lady was making sure. Yet she never seemed to pay for this security. Hans sat there wondering what she did with the thing all the morning. Would it occupy the hand-basin or the bath? Was there a bidet? What did the chambermaid think when she came to clean the room and found this large clawed beast paddling round the bath? But then, a tip or two would silence her. And the lady never paid the fisherman? That was the best part of it. For at night, after midnight when there were few people on the little sand-track of a street, the fisherman would appear again. Handsome, agile, cleanly shaved, and in a clean white shirt. A quick look to left and right, the same low whistle, a pause to listen for something—then a light vault on to the sill and through the window for the best part of the night.

Hans promised himself a survey of all the ringed hands in the hotel when he got better. And, by now, better he was getting. The signs were good. He spent much less time with spider and centipede than with the window, the world. Into which he would soon be freed. But the world had a dirty trick up its sleeve—and this had to do with the same window. Because, on the last afternoon of his seclusion, early afternoon when most people were still at their long southern lunch, he was sitting by his little window with a casual eye on the now empty street—when abruptly at the window appeared a naked male torso. And a head. But only half a face. The lower half was partly hidden by the strap of a woman's handbag. The man had a handbag gripped in his teeth like a spaniel bringing home the evening paper.

The reason for this soon became plain. He needed his hands. For this spaniel man now took a quick look to left and right, the bag swinging dangerously, saw the road was clear, and put his two hands on the sill and vaulted his body clean through and out. A pair of coloured bathing shorts flashed into sight and in the next second the man, shorts and bag had flashed away out of sight. So fast, in fact, that he never even paused to take the bag out of his mouth. The faithful Rover was making off home as quick as he could, treasure trove clenched double safe in his dependable fangs. By this time, Hans was barking. Sitting up and barking as loud as he could.

Because as soon as he spotted what was plainly an act of theft, his sense of duty had risen alongside his astonishment and, responses computering, all at the same time he thought: If I yell Help, people will all listen, wonder, ask each other, and then a few vital seconds later someone might move; if I try to get down myself, I'll be too late; but what is this man but a dog and who am I but a watchdog?

In earlier years, even at school, Hans had developed a good bark. A party trick—but he had got that bark real good, both a treble and a horrid low Labrador contralto. These now he managed one after the other. Sitting there, clutching for safety the toilet roll fixture: Yough, yough, yough! Eow! Eow! Eow! Yough! Eow!

AND ON AND ON. The effort of this brought on a further slight access of his disability; indeed, a kind of final clearance, a completion. And the result below proved a credit to the excellence of his bark. It was so good that nobody paid any attention at all—"Those low, excitable creatures at it again,"

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was the immediate Greek comment. And the hotel guests, stuffed full of crayfish and honey-cakes, thought it only part of the colourful Greek atmosphere. But the real doggies themselves?

From oleander-shade, from bins and boats, from the middles of roads and other hideouts they came lurching and limping along, in some cases still only half-awake, one ear up and the other still down—their yellow, dark ruby or sapphire eyes aloft at Hans. A good half-dozen Aegean hounds in all, and of all shapes and sizes, they stood panting and regarding the small pale human face above with a kind of sorrow. One of the smaller dogs began to wag its tail, sensing action, but soon desisted. What did they see? What did they hear? To trained ears, this could hardly be a true bark? Yet it was enough to set one or two of them off yapping in answer; and finally, most shaming of all, to induce one long, lean, liver-coloured hound with an ear turned inside out to point its jowls vertically to the skies and give forth a long, low spine-chilling howl. This was togetherness indeed. Hans stopped barking.

BUT STILL NO SIGN of a single human being in the sweltering noonday street. The hell with it, he thought—what's it to me anyway? But somewhere tucked away in his marrow lay the boy scout, the empire builder, the secret agent. He began quickly to assess what he knew. The window—which one it was, four from the front? And the thief had run off in a southerly direction—that is, away from the village proper to where a camping site littered an ancient field of olives. And one other thing he remembered—even with the bag hiding most of it, he knew the man to have a thin charcoal line of beard round his face. A fashion adopted from time to time by French students. Though of course other students followed it up like sheep. However, it all pointed to the camping, and now Hans Feet suddenly decided to grit his teeth, gird his loins and go along and see for himself. Beard the student in his den. He felt better already. It was still rather too early for him to leave the safety of his rooms—but he would risk it, the whole episode had invigorated him. He looked round his little cell—the centipede had gone, disturbed by so much unusual action. The spider stayed put. "So long," Hans waved to this inscrutable dry-land octopus, and made off.

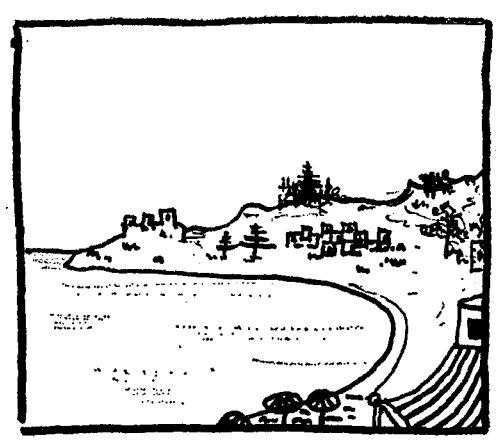
The camping site was scattered, not much organised. Entering the fringe, Hans passed one or two young men, beardless, but also in coloured bathing slips. This stopped him. What had been the thief's colour? Something—pale bluish? He racked his mind. Looked again at these new young men in their slips. All colours. He grew confused—it was like the confusion after a period choosing wall-papers, everything got mixed, judgment failed. Anyway, the beard would clinch it. And sure enough, when he got well in under the olives, he ran straight into a young man in a coloured bathing slip with a thin charcoal-line beard.

NO POINT in beating about the bush. He who hesitates is lost. But—look before you leap? Hans took one good look and leapt. He went straight up to this sturdy muscular young man and said, in French, "Do you speak English?"

The young man gave him the vacant look of one stopped by a stranger in the street. "A leetle," he said.

"Then," Hans gave him sternly, "I have to tell you I was watching the Hotel Nausicaa and saw the whole thing." "Theeng? What theeng?" said the young man, with a worried look in his eyes.

Hans enumerated slowly: "Now if you'll give it back to me, that'll be the last of it. Don't want any trouble, do we? No names, no pack-drill. But let it be a lesson to you."



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"Pack-dreel?"

"Stalling for time won't get you anywhere, my fine froggy friend. You French?"

For some reason this amused the otherwise startled thief. "French?" he laughed. "I come from Sicilia. I am—what you call it —wop?"

Hans blenched. He quickly measured the man's classic armour of muscles, the hair on his chest, the agile bandiness of his legs. Mafia? Better skidaddle? But what—run away from a wop?

"Wop?" he shouted in the man's face: and then saw past it what he had never looked for before he leapt. In the long perspective three young men at least wore charcoal-line beards above their coloured bathing slips. *"Scusi!"* Hans said, as now nervous tension also brought on his disability. *"Pardon!"* he added, and made off at a sharp scuttle for the nearest clump of bushes.

The Sicilian frowned and shrugged. It was too hot to bother. *"Gli inglesi,"* he muttered, "uppa da pola," and walked off to the shade and sleep.

Hans squatted behind a thick myrtle, suffered and thought. He decided to return to the hotel to sleep the heat out, then dress himself up a bit and speak authoritatively to the Nausicaa's manager.

So that at about seven, finding himself indeed very much better, he strolled down to the Nausicaa's café. But the manager was out. Hans sat down to wait, and called for an ouzo. It went down surprisingly well. His first for days. He expanded, and, along with the ouzo, drank in the evening.

THE LITTLE BAY glittered quietly, beginning to darken and dream. A scent of pines drifted on the cooler, pinkening air. The moment was heavy with sea-smells, with the salt-drenched end of another day. Late bathers came wandering back, flushed with sun and languor . . . now for the baths, the scenting, the dressing for another starry southern night, for iced drinks in the warm air, for food and laughter and music. Hans ordered another ouzo, and casually studied the hands and rings of women sitting within view: and then sat bolt upright—he'd got her! Got her immediately! He was sure of it. He could not, of course, be sure from the diamond ring; but few women used the odd green lacquer this woman chose for her nails—it had puzzled him earlier, but he had thought it was perhaps the reflection of green leaves on colourless lacquer. But now the fact was plain. And the reason, too—for the woman, who was red-haired and much made-up, had very green eyes. A high emerald collar round her neck, a green silk dress, a sharp black beauty-spot on her left cheek and an age-group of about forty. Her shoulders were wide, her bosom big, she was florid and certainly arresting—a very merry and handsome widow. You might have put her down as a singer from the Viennese light opera.

Hans got to his feet. He might as well go straight over and tell her now. The woman was sitting alone, stroking the hotel cat which sat on a chair beside her. She smiled with great pleasure when Hans introduced himself—she plainly liked company, and showed no diffidence about strange men. She patted the third chair at the little plastic marble table. Hans sat down with woman and cat and began speaking, loud and firmly, to make it sound as official as possible: "I'll go straight to the point, madam. I saw a man come out of your bedroom window, and he was—"

"Shhh!" the woman said quickly, her smile gone, a sly look in her eyes. She put a cautionary finger to her lips, and smiled again, but now nervously: "*Not* in front of pussy," she said.

"Through your window," Hans began.

She wagged an arch finger: *"Pas devant le chat,"* she laughed.

"But you see," Hans said, "this man—"

"I won't hear another word! Not *one!*" The woman rose up, tossed back her drink, paused as if deciding something—and then took Hans' arm in a soft but firm grip:

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"Now you come with me, I've something to show you. Something special. By the way —my name, since we've met, Mrs Olga Litvin. Amsterdam. Now come along with me—no, I won't have no no's." "No," Hans said; but was taken off into the hotel proper, feeling it would look discourteous to pull himself too forcibly from the lady's grip. Besides, the grip was not unpleasant. So into the hotel, along a corridor, one two three four doors—and her room.

Once the door was shut, she rounded on him, whispering urgently, "I implore you, not another word! I've behaved—oh, silly I know—but Greece, *Greece!* And the weakness of a woman, please understand—I beg you to comprehend. My husband—I'm unmarried, but my how-do-you-say, boy-friend? Protector? A jealous man in cheeses. From Gouda—but news travels fast. Now come on and see what I've got for you!"

Hans was confused enough—but he had also caught on. So now, to postpone for a moment the main matter, he simply said:

"What marvellously good English you have."

"Oh—we Dutch always. Yet I am Russian, too, Now please to come to the bath."

"Eh?"

She laughed delightfully—"Oh, I do not mean take a bath, not yet, milord"—took his arm again and led him through a little door. The bathroom was tiled in several Greek blues, peacock, turquoise, purple, and beyond the shining chromium and glass and enamel it was plainly in full feminine use. Scraps of tissue paper about, powder upset, a scrawled note in lipstick on the mirror above face level, and across one corner a miniature clothes line with bright coloured plastic pegs from which hung stockings and pale triangles of small nylon pants.

IN THE HALF-FILLED bath a large blue-black crayfish slowly skated. At the sight of it, this Mrs Litvin seemed to forget Hans, sat down plump on the little bathroom stool. A moment later she motioned Hans to the only other seat. Hans, his head already bowed to avoid the little washing-line, thankfully sat.

A moment's silence, as seated thus side by side, they contemplated the crayfish. A single bead of saliva formed itself on the lower lip of Mrs Litvin; eyes still fixed on the succulent sea-beast, she reached for a tissue and wiped it away. Hans waited with mixed feelings. Should he watch the crayfish or Mrs Litvin? Both were attractive in their different ways.

And he realised only too well that, absurdly, he was sitting on the main seat of again another little room. Moreover, the crayfish had some mixed-up resemblance to both his spider and his centipede. But crayfish and Litvin notwithstanding, he knew his real duty was to report about the stolen bag. Yet all he did now was try and count the blue-black creature's legs, six or eight? Was it a sea-scorpion, as his spider was a landed octopus?

At length the red-head Litvin opened her mouth: "I was going to give it to you," she said, "but I am only a weak woman. Let us both eat him for dinner! All day I have kept him for tonight!"

It passed through Hans' mind to thank God she had not, in fact, given it to him. How to have carried it back to his own hotel, how to have stored it in his small washbasin? He only said: "Well, that's very good of you. Thanks."

THE PROSPECTIVE DINNER moved about the bath in a slow motion all its own, half on its feet, half swimming. There were hairy flaps about its tail, and its face brandished long antennae. Roughly this face, with its sharp black eyes and all those antennae, had the look of an aghast colonel of the old brigade. "Poof!" it seemed apoplectically to complain. And well it might, Hans thought, after a day in saltless bathwater. Then pity, and sudden anger at such a beautiful creature being boiled and dissected and swallowed—together with an impatience with himself sitting again on such a seat—prompted him finally and firmly to make his point. And he knew by this time how to put it: "Look, madam," he said quietly, "your bag was stolen this afternoon by a man with a beard."

Mrs Litvin looked slowly up from the crayfish. "Eh?" she said, waking indeed from a dream. "What bag?" Hans said: "How do I know? He had it in his teeth. I was looking out from a window in the hotel over the way—this afternoon."

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Mrs Litvin was now fully awake. "Teeth?" she said. "This afternoon? But I was out. I had my bag with me. Oh—was it a red bag?" "I rather think so—I can't be sure." Mrs Litvin took a quick look at the crayfish to reassure herself it was still there—then very sweetly smiled at Hans and shook her head: "Ah, poor thief. When he finds out what is inside!"

Hans was taken aback. Thought instantly: she's so rich she doesn't care. Yet the rich are usually the most predatory and possessive of all? Then, feeling a little hurt that all his trouble should have come to so little, he tried to regain his spirits with a passing joke: "You mean the old chestnut: stuffed with notes—but all marked Bank of Toyland? Your child's bag?"

Mrs Litvin looked suddenly sad.

"No," she said, "I have no children."

Her shoulders looked suddenly small, she seemed to shrink; for the first time Hans saw her face serious and thoughtful. And then she said very quietly: "I would like to have a baby, oh how I would love to have a baby."

Hans was appalled. There was nothing he could say. He simply sat feeling sorrow for her: in a second the little bathroom had been changed into a chapel.

BUT A MOMENT later Mrs Litvin was shrugging her shoulders, giving a wry smile, saying: "Well—back to the bag, it was full of diamonds."

"Good heavens!"

Mrs Litvin nodded. And then said again, "Poor thief."

Hans looked at the crayfish for help. It was all too much. "I see," he tried, "too valuable to market? Too recognisable?"

"Nonsense," Mrs Litvin now laughed. "They were false. A collar like this"—she pointed a green fingernail to her own sparkling neck—"and a couple of diamond bracelets. Our Amsterdam is the first diamond-polishing city in the world—so naturally we have a good industry in paste too. Nobody wants to wear their real stones nowadays, not with all these hoodlums—you say?—around. Keep them safe in the safe. Of course, he'll get a few drachmas. But they were poor stuff. I brought them for bathing."

"Oh."

"So that's that," said Mrs Litvin, and rose as if all had been settled. But then paused, and narrowed her eyes at Hans. "But I forgot," she said. "You're the little face up at the window every day? Yes... I recognise you now. Is he a voyeur, I thought, or is he a sick man, an invalid? But here you are, not sick... not bad, either," and she fluttered her eyelids with now an almost cunning smile.

Hans looked away: "A sick man," he said. "At least I was. But then a sick man soon becomes a voyeur."

Her hand was on his shoulder. "Still," she said, "sick or not, you already know too much. Come—we have time before we eat this fish."

The green fingernails had left his shoulder and crept round to his armpit, gently gesturing him up. Hans rose, the fingers took his arm and gently led him back into the bedroom. Where another hand of fingernails crept round the other side of him, and he was abruptly drawn hard against Mrs Litvin and his head pulled down and Mrs Litvin's lips were crushed and working against his. Which Hans not only succumbed to but now began assiduously to speed on with all his lack of breath.

Only when they were on the bed, half undressing and half kissing still, did he begin to wonder why—why Mrs Litvin-now-Olga had taken so total a step when she might so easily have asked for an honourable promise over dinner. And why he himself was succumbing so easily to the charms of a woman hardly of his usual type. But they were nevertheless charms. And he'd been locked up for a week. And here she was on a plate, plus a *langouste*. Or—was it something to do with that small moment of sadness about the baby, a shaft of sadness bringing two people together?

"Oh—darling—just a minute," she said, stopping. "I must give—" and she got up and slipped on a wrap and went to the smallest room. Hans nodded to himself at the wrap. Modest, he approved; and waited for the usual time. But Olga Litvin was much quicker than that. She came out instantly. And in one hand she held the crayfish which she now took into the corridor shouting for someone. Within a further

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expert minute she was back again and throwing herself gasping with pleasure into Hans' arms.

Later they dined well, and moreover found they enjoyed each other's company. Wine, wine—and they returned together to the room and bed.

VERY MUCH LATER, when she was sleeping, Hans in the dark began to watch the window. It was square, and white with moonlight. In growing panic, he realised that at any moment he might hear a low whistle, see the agile young muscular figure silhouetted on the sill. Jealous. Greek. Maddened. Robbed of his woman. Carrying a knife. . . .

He lay there waiting. It was sure to come. Then, as the minutes passed, resolution rose. At least, Hans thought, I can bark. I can bark like hell. And there in the dark he very quietly cleared his throat.

The Constitutional

(For the archpoet César Vallejo)

There is one in the half-light works.
I hear you clearly, César Vallejo.
In the half-light you whisper
My new address.

Entering,
I wear the dun-coloured coat of poverty.
Like the beetle I found
This simple colour on a long road.

Curbs watching my feet all the way
And at the end a dead man
Sits at the table slicing bread.
He makes me a place
In the half-light.

I sent ahead
My feet in their hope of the honest labourer.
What you slice
Crams the shadow in me.

Yes, my impossible shadow
Leans on your cloth.
In suburbs ample without you,
Considering your traces in the pit,
It has been Benjamin walking toward
His brother.

Dennis Silk

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John Douglas Pringle

Anglo-Scot

"Upon the thistle they're impaled"

AN ANGLO-SCOT, which means an Anglicised Scot, is naturally despised by both sides. To Scotsmen he is a traitor. To Englishmen he is a figure of fun. They cannot understand why anyone who so obviously reveals his true inclinations by living in London and speaking with an Oxford accent should still insist that he is really a Scotsman at heart. Despised, rejected, scorned, the poor fellow either takes to drink—choosing, of course, Scotch whisky in English pubs—or, like myself, escapes from his intolerable dilemma by leaving Britain and settling in Australia or Canada or New Zealand.

Nothing that I can say is likely to alter these facts. But now, when, in spite of the general election results, Scottish nationalism must at last be taken seriously, it may be of some interest to explain how an Anglo-Scot is made and why so many of us now support the Scottish National Party even though we no longer live there. Here, then, is the case-history of an Anglo-Scot.

I WAS BORN in Hawick in the Borders of Scotland. My father, who, I suppose, would have been well-off if his health had not forced him to retire early, came from an old Border family few of whose members had ever left the district except to soldier in Britain's foreign wars. As a young man my father himself had visited Australia and had not much liked what he saw.

JOHN DOUGLAS PRINGLE *was formerly the Deputy Editor of "The Observer" in London. He was, until recently, the Editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and is still living in Australia.*

He was perfectly content to spend the rest of his life in Scotland, which he believed to be the finest country in the world, and in the Borders, which he believed to be the most beautiful part of Scotland.

Yet in spite of his apparent pride in Scotland, my father, like so many educated Scotsmen in the 19th and 20th centuries, had lost confidence in Scottish culture. Secretly, I think, he felt that the English were in some way superior, though he would have hotly denied this in public. His political hero was Lord Rosebery, a somewhat equivocal figure. It is significant that he himself normally spoke a correct English without a trace of Scots accent though I have heard him talk fluently in broad Scots to the Hawick mill-hands or to the shepherds and fishermen he met in the countryside. At home he would use certain Scots words and phrases, half-humorously and always, so to speak, in inverted commas. For instance, he would say that he had taken "a scunner" to some dish my mother served at table or would tell me to "toom out" the watering-can in the garden.

My mother, on the other hand, was half-English and half-Welsh. She came from a family which had done well out of the industrial revolution and was absolutely confident of English middle-class values. She did not conceal that she found Scots people and Scots customs inferior to those to which she was accustomed. Many of my father's friends were, I suppose, "fair coorse" in the old Scots way. My mother detested their bawdy jokes and heavy drinking. She considered them ill-educated and ill-bred though in fact they were neither. They found her prudish, refined and, perhaps, a bit of a snob.

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As a result my mother set herself, from the day I was born, to turn me into an Englishman. This was not easy for, in my early years at least, I was fiercely and patriotically Scottish. I was deeply influenced by the legends and stories in which the Borders are so rich and, in my childish games, lived again the life of a moss-trooper. (Oddly enough, though we lived so close to the Border, we practically never crossed it. In our frequent drives through that lovely countryside my father would take the road up to the Carter Bar or Liddesdale, stop at the Border to survey enemy territory, and then turn back. This seemed to me perfectly natural and, indeed, prudent. Incredible though it may seem, I only entered England once before I was ten and then only because it was impossible to go by train from Hawick to Moffat without changing at Carlisle!)

But my mother was determined. She realised from the start that the key to my Anglicisation or de-Scottisation was education. The first battle was to stop me from going to the Hawick High School which was the natural thing for local boys of all classes to do. She persuaded my father that my health was not strong enough and, besides, she hinted, I would only be corrupted by the coarse manners of the Hawick callants. Instead she persuaded him to send me to a preparatory school in Moffat—in Scotland, certainly, but (and this was the nub) a preparatory school based on English models. The first battle had been won.

A minor skirmish in the same war took place over religion. My father, of course, was a Presbyterian. My mother was an Anglican. She began to take me, therefore, to the local Episcopalian Church, which by then had entirely lost its Scottish character. My father, who had long ceased to believe in anything, did not object. I, equally indifferent, could not.

Of course there were set-backs. I came back from first term at my preparatory school at Moffat, which was filled chiefly with boys from Glasgow, speaking a Glaswegian accent which appalled my mother and even shocked my father. The accent of Glasgow, unfortunately, is both the least attractive and the most catching in Scotland. However, like most children, I quickly slipped back into my normal accent at home and picked up my Glasgow accent again when I returned to school.

In any case my speech was then naturally dotted with Scottish words and phrases. If I wanted to abuse another boy I would call him "a muckle sumph" or a "silly coof" rather than a "bloody fool." I would "stot" a ball not bounce it. I would "greet" not cry. I have no doubt that my speech would have been immediately identified as Scottish anywhere in England.

No matter: the first victory had been won. My prep school duly taught me to be as English as possible in all things, to despise everything Scottish except Scottish footballers, and to be totally ignorant of Scottish literature and history except for what I read myself during the holidays.

THE SECOND BATTLE came over a choice of public school. My father had been at Glenalmond which, God knows, is English enough even though it is near Perth. My mother wanted me to go to Shrewsbury where her brother had been. My headmaster backed my mother because he apparently felt that scholastically it was a greater distinction. (A truly remarkable example of the cultural cringe.) I therefore went on to Shrewsbury and became, to all appearances, an English boy. At Shrewsbury, of course, there were few other Scots boys and those there were kept quiet about it. A Scots accent would have been mocked. Any Scottish interest would have been thought eccentric. Life in an English public school is hellish enough without drawing attention to yourself by any peculiarity. Like most boys I did my best to conform. By the end of my first year I had lost my Scottish accent. By the end of the second I had almost forgotten Scotland. This process was made easier because my family then left Scotland because of my father's health to live in the South of England. My mother was winning all along the line.

After that there was no obstacle to my complete assimilation. When the time came to choose a university, Oxford was my first choice. No one ever suggested Edinburgh or Aberdeen or St Andrew's, and, if they had done, my masters would have smiled pityingly. I left Shrewsbury knowing far more about the history of Greece and Rome than about the history of my native land and almost entirely ignorant of Scottish literature. I had read the Border Ballads; I had been taught to sneer at Scott and Burns; I had never heard of Henryson or Dunbar except, characteristically, for Dunbar's

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tribute to London—"London, the floure of cities alle"—which, by the way, he almost certainly did not write. Though I was eagerly reading T. S. Eliot, no one had told me that there was a poet in Scotland called Hugh MacDiarmid. I was a very model of a little Englishman.

IT MIGHT BE THOUGHT that Oxford would merely have completed and perfected this process. Yet not quite. After all, at Oxford one is encouraged to think for oneself. I discovered that there was still a part of me that was Scottish beneath the English overburden, and I began to dig down to find it. I went to Scotland for holidays, mostly climbing and fishing, but also rediscovering my roots. I met other Scotsmen—one of them was Jo Grimond—who had suffered the same brainwashing in varying degrees. Moreover I began to realise that, in some indefinable way which I certainly did not understand, I was not wholly English, that I was not even accepted as English and that I didn't want to be. I began to feel the nagging, spiritual toothache of a man who has been up-rooted from his own culture.

I do not want to exaggerate. This was still a very faint unease. On the whole I accepted my English lot. When I decided to try journalism I made a feeble attempt to get on *The Scotsman* but quickly gave it up when offered a trial on the *Manchester Guardian.* I was then far more interested in Europe and the coming drama in Germany than in Scotland.

It is all the more curious, therefore, that when war broke out and I volunteered to join the army, I knew at once that there was only one possible regiment for me—The King's Own Scottish Borderers. I went to an O.C.T.U. at Dunbar, obtained a commission in my regiment at Berwick-on-Tweed, and, after a short period in France in 1940, spent a large part of my four years service in Scotland.

This experience was decisive. Not only did I get to know parts of Scotland I had never known before, but I met Scotsmen and Scotswomen of all kinds and classes. I recognised them as my countrymen. I knew myself as Scottish. Moreover I began to resent keenly the unconscious superiority of Englishmen who found themselves temporarily stationed in Scotland for training and did not try to conceal their amused contempt for their surroundings. They made fun of Scottish names which they did not try to pronounce correctly. They laughed at everything Scots people feel pride in. I realised what it was like to live in a British colony. It was all the more galling because, to my fellow officers, I was simply an Englishman masquerading in Scottish uniform.

Yet I still did not know what to do about it or even what to feel about it. I had no real Scottish culture, no understanding of the Scottish situation. It was not until the end of the war that I could fill this gap by reading deeply in Scottish history and literature; and it was not until I discovered the poems of Hugh MacDiarmid that I knew what to feel.

IT IS DIFFICULT to explain to Englishmen what Hugh MacDiarmid has meant to Scotsmen of my generation. His politics have often been absurd. It is difficult to be patient with a man who could spend his life fighting for Scotland's freedom from England and then turn round and applaud Russia's crushing the Hungarian revolt. In his public appearances—and in some of his prose essays —he often contrives to present an image of a bar-room orator, cantankerous, argumentative and totally unreasonable. But his poetry, and particularly the poems written in the 1920s and 1930s, are another matter. I do not want here to enter into the old argument as to whether the language, Lallans, which he invented for his purpose has any future. The plain fact is that he used it with magical skill to express his meaning. And what he had to say in *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* rang like a bell in my mind.

He taught us that what was now generally thought of as Scottish culture was sentimental and debased; that, through our own neglect, we had lost or forgotten an earlier, truer Scottish culture; that until we rediscovered it our lives would be empty and unsatisfying.

The wee reliefs we hae' in booze,
Or wun at times in carnal states,
May hide frae us but canna cheenge
The silly horrors o' oor fates.

Most important of all, he showed, like Yeats and others had done in Ireland, that a literary renaissance could point the way to a renaissance of national feeling.

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FOR MYSELF this is all too late. I shall never be a true Scot or a true Englishman or, for that matter, a true Australian. And for that reason I shall never be able to write as I would like to write. A good many of my friends (mostly English friends) would deny this. They tell me we are entering an age of international art and culture where any local or regional characteristics can only be a disadvantage. The new poetry, for instance, will have to be universal in its appeal (like the Beatles) and immediately translatable into any language so that it can be appreciated in the world-village. I cannot agree and doubt whether they would talk in this way if they were not themselves deeply rooted in an English culture which they take for granted. It seems to me indeed that the opposite is more likely to be true, and that a work of art must be in some sense parochial before it can have universal significance.

Whichever is true, England—and Australia—are in a fortunate position. They are all right, Jock. But if I am right in thinking, as Tolstoy and Dostoevsky certainly thought, that a man is somehow less as a man and a writer less as a writer if he is not rooted in the culture of his own country, then the Scots have a very reasonable complaint. For 250 years they have seen their languages (for one must add Gaelic to Scots), their literature, their thought and customs crushed into an English mould by the great weight of English wealth and government. Whether this process could now be reversed by giving the Scots self-government is, of course, another and very difficult question. But I see no reason why they should not be allowed to try.

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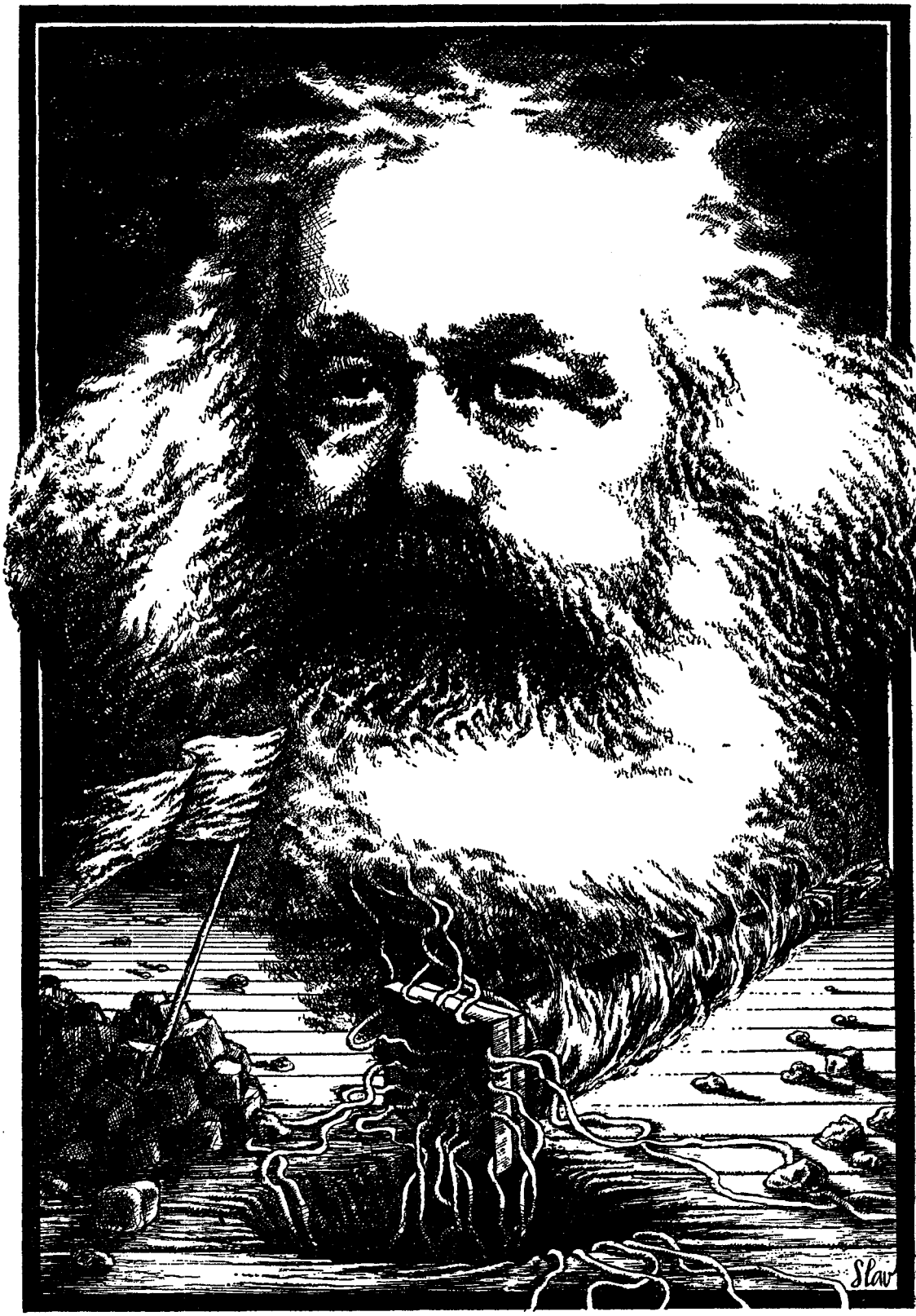

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Marx & the Missing Link

On the Importance of the "Grundrisse"— By DAVID MCLELLAN

DURING the century or so since Marx's thought has been the object of widespread attention and comment, views as to what constitutes the kernel of his doctrine have been widely different. Until well on in this century, Marx was viewed as an economist, the author of *Capital* who had claimed, by his analysis of the contradictions of capitalist society, to have demonstrated its inevitable collapse. This emphasis was both the product of the intellectual climate at the end of the 19th century and of the nature of those of Marx's writings that were then available to the public. By the 1920s, however, interest in Hegel had revived; Georg Lukács and Karl Korsch had given novel interpretations of Marx in the light of this revival; and, above all, around 1930 the publication of Marx's early writings—his Doctoral Thesis, the "Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of the State," and particularly the *Paris Manuscripts* — caused a remarkable change of emphasis. Wide discussion of the early writings was only possible after the War and the first English version of the *Paris Manuscripts* was not produced until the very end of the 1950s. This re-appraisal may have been slow, but, in the minds of some, it was radical and Marx was discovered to be really a humanist, an existentialist, even a "spiritual existentialist."[1] This obviously raised the problem of the relationship of Marx's earlier to his later writings: was there one Marx or two? Schools formed. Possibly the largest number of Marxologists maintained that the young Marx was richer than the old Marx who had lost much of his original humanist vision.[2] Others maintained that the fundamental inspiration of Marx's thought was indeed to be found in the *Paris Manuscripts,* but that Marx's later writings were a development of this inspiration.[3] Still others (mostly orthodox Communists) claimed that the *Paris Manuscripts* were a transitory stage in Marx's development and rendered superfluous by later works.[4] The latest suggestion has been that all of Marx should be divided into four parts: 1840-1844, *early works;* 1845, *works of transition;* 1845-1857, *works of maturation;* and 1857-1883, *works of maturity.*[5]

This debate tends to be useless in the same way that the pre-1930 interpretations of Marx do. Just as those interpretations could not take into account the bulk of Marx's early writings and thus are necessarily deficient, so the interpretations mentioned above are equally deficient in that they neglect what is, in a sense, the most fundamental of all Marx's writings—the *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Okonomie.*

The first public mention of this thousand-page manuscript (apparently unknown to

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[1] Erich Fromm, *Marx's Concept of Man* (1961), p. 5.

[2] These are particularly well represented in Germany, following the interpretation given by Landshut & Mayer in their Introduction to Marx's *Frühschriften* (Stuttgart, 1932). Perhaps the best example is H. Popitz, *Der Entfremdete Mensch* (Basel, 1953).

[3] This interpretation is most popular in France and a good example would be J. Y. Calvez, *La Pensée de Karl Marx* (1956), or Erich Fromm's book.

[4] For example: E. Bottigelli, *La Genèse du Socialisme Scientifique* (1967).

[5] Louis Althusser, *Pour Marx* (1965), p. 27. This book, which may well be profound, but is certainly obscure, discusses at great length the question of whether it is possible to periodise Marx's thought, and the importance, for deciding this question, of the influence of Hegel on Marx. However, Althusser never once even mentions the *Grundrisse* in this context! For all his playing down of Hegel's influence on Marx, Althusser's approach has a certain resemblance to Hegel—and not only in convolution of style. Althusser's "structure" functions much as Hegel's "Idea"—an independent entity determining the very items from which it has arisen.

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Engels) was made by David Riazanov, the director of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow who announced its discovery to the Socialist Academy in Moscow in 1923. The German translation of this communication is published in *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung* (Vol. 11, 1925). It was originally intended to publish the *Grundrisse* in the MEGA edition, begun in 1927, which contains the early writings. MEGA was, however, discontinued and the *Grundrisse* was eventually published in a separate edition in Moscow in 1939 with a supplementary volume in 1941. The time and place of its publication precluded any serious attention being paid to it. Only in 1953, when Dietz Verlag produced a single volume edition, did the *Grundrisse* become available in the West. There is still no English translation.[6]

It is, however, the centre-piece of Marx's thought, and any selection of Marx's writings that does not quote fairly widely from the *Grundrisse* must be judged severely inadequate.[7] In my view, any discussion of the continuity of Marx's thought that does not take account of the *Grundrisse* would be doomed from the start. In the understanding of Marx, history had indeed repeated itself and the evaluations that exegetes of Marx applied to the *Manuscripts*—"The revelation of authentic Marxism ... the central work of Marx, the crucial stage in the development of his thought,"[8] etc.—sound much more plausible when applied to the *Grundrisse*. The rest of this article is devoted to supporting this view.

MARX'S CORRESPONDENCE (and to some extent his published work) is littered with plans and projects for publication. The first is to be found in the *Preface* that he sketched out to the *Paris Manuscripts*. Here he stated that

> ... I shall, therefore, publish my critique of law, morals, politics, etc. in a number of independent brochures; and finally I shall endeavour, in a separate work, to present the interconnected whole, to show the relationships between the parts, and to provide a critique of the speculative treatment of this material. That is why, in the present work, the relationships of political economy with the state, law, morals, civil life, etc. are touched upon only to the extent that political economy itself expressly deals with these subjects.[9]

In the event, of course, Marx was to spend a whole lifetime on this "first brochure". In January 1845 Marx signed a contract with Leske, a Darmstadt publisher, for a *Critique of Politics and Economics*. Engels wrote to Marx:

> Make sure that you get your book on economics finished even though you yourself are dissatisfied with many things in it; it is all one, the climate is ripe and we must strike while the iron is hot.

But the book was not completed immediately, for Marx felt the need to "settle accounts with our erstwhile philosophical consciousness," which he did in the *Holy Family* and *German Ideology*. By the summer of 1846 Leske lost patience and cancelled Marx's contract. Marx replied, in terms that were to become familiar, that the manuscript would be ready soon and would be much longer in consequence of his having to incorporate new material. Marx speaks there of two volumes of which "the manuscripts—almost finished—of the first have been with me for a long time."[10] This can only allude to the *Paris Manuscripts*. The second volume, on politics, which Marx describes as "rather historical" would have dealt with the French Revolution among other things and incorporated the 1843 "Critique of Hegel's Political Philosophy."[11] Later the same year, however, by joining the League of the Just, Marx started a period of active engagement in politics which, though it produced the *Poverty of Philosophy* and the *Communist Manifesto*—

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[6] Herbert Marcuse is one of the few authors to have quoted extensively from the *Grundrisse*, whose importance was first emphasised in English by Martin Nicolaus, "The Unknown Marx," *New Left Review* (No. 48, 1968). A full translation of the text will be published in the English edition of the works of Marx and Engels; but this will not be available for several years. My own edition of selected passages aims to present, with appropriate commentary, the most important sections. There is a good English translation of the self-contained section on *Pre-capitalist Economic Formations* with an excellent Introduction by E. J. Hobsbawm (Lawrence & Wishart, 1964). The French translation of the whole work which has recently been published (Paris, Anthopos, 1967-8), is untrue to the original by trying systematically to exclude or minimise the Hegelian cast of Marx's work.

[7] Every selection known to me—including that of Bottomore and Rubel, which is in many ways the best—must be so judged.

[8] Marx, *Die Frühschriften* (ed. S. Landshut and G. Mayer, Leipzig, 1932), p. xiii.

[9] Marx, *Early Writings* (ed. Bottomore, 1963), p. 63.

[10] Marx/Engels, *Werke* (Berlin, 1957), vol. 27, pp. 16, 449. (Hereafter this edition is referred to as *MEW*).

[11] See the interesting Table of Contents that Marx drafted for this book, translated in *Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society* (ed. Easton and Guddat, 1967), pp. 399f.

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the two books that Marx recommended as introductions to *Capital*—did not add to what he was to call his *Economics*.

AFTER THE FAILURE of the 1848 Revolution Marx once again took up his economic studies. He still believed in the imminence of a revolution, but considered that it would be dependent on the outbreak of an economic crisis. In the summer of 1850, Marx obtained a ticket to the Reading Room of the British Museum, and during the whole of 1851 he got through an enormous amount of reading. In January, he was studying books on precious metals, money, and credit; in February, the economic writings of Hume and Locke, and more books on money; in March, Ricardo, Adam Smith, and books on currencies; in April, Ricardo again and books on money; in May, Carey, Malthus and principles of economics; in June, value, wealth, and economics; in July, literature on the factory system and agricultural incomes; in August, population, colonisation, and the economics of the Roman world; in the autumn, books on banking, agronomy, and technology. In all, Marx filled his notebooks with long passages from about 80 authors and read many more. This study was directed towards the completion of his work on economics.

Already in January 1851, Engels was urging Marx to "hurry up with the completion and publication of your Economics." By April Marx wrote:

> I am so far advanced that in five weeks I will be through with the whole economic shit. And that done, I will work over my *Economics* at home and throw myself into another science in the Museum. I am beginning to be tired of it. Basically, this science has made no further progress since A. Smith and D. Ricardo, however much has been done in individual, often very subtle researches.[12]

The book was eagerly awaited by Marx's friends. In May, Lassalle wrote:

> I have heard that your *Economics* will at last see the light of day . . . I am burning to contemplate on my desk the giant three-volume work of the Ricardo turned socialist and Hegel turned economist.[13]

Engels, however, who knew his friend well, declared that

> . . . as long as you still have unread a book that you think important, you do not get down to writing.

In June, however, Marx was as sanguine as ever, writing to Weydemeyer:

> I am mostly in the Museum from nine in the morning until seven in the evening. The stuff I am working on has so many damned ramifications that with every effort I will not be able to finish for 6-8 weeks.

Although Marx realised that "one must at some point break off forcibly," in July Proudhon's new book *The General Idea of Revolution in the Nineteenth Century* came into his hands and he immediately diverted his energies into criticising its contents. In spite of its anti-Jacobinism, Proudhon's book appeared to Marx only to deal with the symptoms of capitalism and not its essence. However, by October friends had managed to interest the publisher Löwenthal in Marx's work. Marx's scheme for this work comprised three volumes: *Critique of Economics, Socialism,* and *History of Economic Thought.* Löwenthal wished to begin with the last volume and see how it went. Engels urged Marx to accept this proposal, but to expand the History into two volumes:

> After this would come the Socialists as the third volume and as fourth the Critique—what would be left of it—and the famous Positive, what you "really" want. . . . For people of sufficient intelligence, the indications in the first volumes—the Anti-Proudhon and the Manifesto—will suffice to put them on the right track. The mass of buyers and readers will lose any interest in the "History" if the great mystery is already revealed in the first volume. They will say, like Hegel in the Phenomenology: I have read the "Preface" and that's where the general idea can be found.[14]

Engels advised Marx to make the book a long one by padding out the "History" and finished: "Show a little commercial sense this time." In early December came the *coup d'état* of Bonaparte which made Engels anticipate difficulties with Löwenthal and though Marx stayed in contact with him until well into the following year, nothing came of the negotiations. Even Marx's bitter enemy Kinkel was eager to get a "positive foundation" from Marx's *Economics* and Lassalle proposed the founding of a company that would issue shares to finance the publication; but Marx doubted the success of the venture and anyway did not wish to make public his lack of resources. In January 1852 Marx wrote asking Weydemeyer to find him a publisher in America "because of the failure in Germany."[15] But Marx had already abandoned work on his *Economics*. He worked on his notebooks for a short period

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[12] *MEW*, Vol. 27, pp. 171, 228.
[13] Lassalle to Marx, 12 May 1851.
[14] *MEW*, Vol. 27, pp. 233f., 373f., 560.
[15] *MEW*, Vol. 28, p. 486.

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in the summer of 1852 and, as a last hope, submitted to the publisher Brockhaus the project of a book to be entitled *Modern Economic Literature in England from 1830 to 1852*. Brockhaus refused and Marx abandoned his *Economics* for several years.

In 1857, however, the long-predicted crisis did arrive, and moved Marx to take up again his economic studies. The first mention of this in his correspondence is a letter to Engels of December 1857 where he says:

> I am working madly through the nights on a synthesis of my economic studies so that I at least have the main principles [*Grundrisse*] clear before the deluge.

He was also composing an extremely detailed diary on the day to day events during the crisis.[16] The "synthesis" that Marx speaks of here was already begun in August 1857 with the composition of a *General Introduction.* This *Introduction,* tentative in tone and incomplete, discusses the problem of method in the study of economics and attempts to justify the unhistorical order of the sections comprised in the work that was to follow.[17] A plan of these sections occurs at the end of the *Introduction,* of which this is a slightly shortened version:

1. The general abstract characterisations that can more or less be applied to all types of society.
2. The categories that constitute the internal structure of bourgeois society and which serve as a basis for the fundamental classes. Capital, wage labour, landed property. Their relationship to each other. Town and country. The three large social classes. The exchange between them. Circulation. Credit (private).
3. Synthesis of bourgeois society in the shape of the state. The state considered in itself. "Unproductive" classes. Taxes. Public debt. Public credit. Population. Colonies. Emigration.
4. The international relations of production. International division of labour. International exchange. Exports and imports. Exchange rates.
5. The world market and crises.

This *Introduction* was left unpublished. Marx wrote in 1859 in the *Preface* to his *Critique of Political Economy:*

> I am omitting a general introduction which I had jotted down because on closer reflection any anticipation of results still to be proved appears to me to be disturbing, and the reader who on the whole desires to follow me must be resolved to ascend from the particular to the general.

The plan, however, in a simpler form was reiterated in the same *Preface:*

> capital, landed property, wage labour; state, foreign trade, world market.[18]

The manuscripts which survive, written in the six months of October 1857 to March 1858, do not cover all these sections equally. They are obviously for the most part a draft of the first section of the *Economics:* the whole is divided into two parts, one on money and the second, much longer, on capital. The second part is divided into three sections on the production of capital, circulation, and conversion of surplus value into profit. However, these economic discussions are inextricably linked with digressions of a much wider nature on such subjects as the individual and society; the nature of labour; the influence of automation on society, problems of increasing leisure and the abolition of the division of labour; the nature of alienation in the higher stages of capitalist society; the revolutionary nature of capitalism and its inherent universality, and so on. It is these digressions that give the *Grundrisse* its primary importance and show that it is a rough draft of *far wider scope* than what was later included in *Capital.* Sections devoted to such topics as foreign trade and the world market show that Marx was led to sketch out to some extent the fundamental traits of the other five books of his *Economics.* Marx says as much himself:

> In the manuscript (which would make a thick book if printed) everything is topsy-turvy and there is much that is intended for later parts.[19]

THE SCHEMA IN SIX PARTS given in the *General Introduction* and the *Preface* is plainly not the same as that of *Capital* Book I, published in 1867. Karl Kautsky concluded that Marx must have changed the plan of his *Economics* and this has been the received opinion ever since. *Capital,* in its eventual four volumes, was held to be the form that Marx's *Economics* finally took and in it, to quote Engels, "Marx said everything he wished in one way or another."

This question is obviously of the greatest importance.

If true, then the *Grundrisse,* however interesting, would still only have a secondary importance, that of helping to understand the genesis of *Capital* and thus to interpret its contents. If, on the other hand, Marx kept

[16] *MEW,* Vol. 29, pp. 225, 232.
[17] It is reprinted as an Appendix to *MEW,* Vol. 11.
[18] Marx/Engels, *Selected Works* (Moscow, 1962), Vol. 1, p. 360.
[19] *MEW,* Vol. 29, p. 330.

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to the original plan and *Capital* is only the elaboration of *the first* of the six sections, then Marx's work is dramatically incomplete and it could be claimed that the *Grundrisse*, in so far as it is the *Grundrisse* of more than the first section, is the most fundamental work that Marx ever wrote.

THE THESIS that Marx changed the plan of his major work has been worked out in most detail by Henryk Grossmann.[20] He puts the date of the change in 1863 when Marx wrote to Engels that he had been obliged to "destroy the whole edifice."[21] But this sort of statement is far too frequent in Marx's correspondence to draw any important conclusions from it. Grossmann's main substantial point is that the plan of 1863 was methodologically different. There are two sources which show this view to be mistaken.[22]

1. Marx's Correspondence. This consists principally of letters to Lassalle who was acting as literary agent in the negotiations with the prospective publisher Duncker. In February 1857 Marx listed for the first time the six sections of his *Economics:* capital, landed property, wage labour, state, foreign trade and the world market, and added that the first section on *Capital* would contain "some preliminary chapters." The arrangement with Duncker was that the manuscript should be delivered and published in sections and the next month Marx informed Lassalle that the first delivery would contain "*1.* value, *2.* money, *3.* capital in general." The third section would be divided into "the production process of capital, the circulation of process of capital, and the unity of the two, or capital and profit, interest." In other words, these sections are precisely the three books of *Capital.* The change is not one of methodology, but one of size. When it came to actually writing the first of the six volumes, which Marx speaks of in his letter to Lassalle as simply a "brochure," it expanded to make the three books of *Capital.*

2. The Grundrisse. In his March letter Marx promised to have the first delivery ready by the "end of May." It would be based on materials which "are only in my notebooks in the forms of monographs which often are very detailed; this would disappear at the moment of composition." These materials are the *Grundrisse,* whose 800 pages Marx had hoped to condense into the "first delivery." The *Grundrisse* (which was not available to Grossmann when he wrote his article) contains a further index which was to be the basis of the first volume of Marx's *Economics.* This index comprises: *1.* value, *2.* money (with subheadings in great detail) *3.* capital, divided once more into the process of production and the process of circulation. This index proves beyond a doubt that the plan of *Capital* was already in Marx's mind in 1857-8 as the first of his six-volume treatise on *Economics;* and that the *Critique of Political Economy* of 1859 contains what he refers to as "some preliminary chapters."

By November 1858, the "first delivery" was still not ready, but Marx thought it would only be four weeks. Illness and journalism had taken up so much of his time and particularly trouble with his liver had (according to him) affected his style. He wished to get everything right as

> 1. my writing is the result of 15 years' research, the best period of my life; 2. this work upholds for the first time in a scientific manner an important conception of social relationships.

But, as could have been predicted, Marx found that he could not include all that he had to say on "capital in general" in a single brochure:

> it is probable that the first part "capital in general" will already take up two brochures since in drafting it I find that just where the most abstract part of economics has to be discussed, too short a treatment would render it unintelligible to the public.

At the same time, Marx insisted that both brochures should appear together: "the inner connection demands it and the whole effect depends on it." However, lack of time obliged Marx to send the first brochure to Berlin or abandon the whole enterprise. He explained to Engels:

> In spite of the title *Capital in general,* these pages don't yet contain anything on capital, but only two chapers: *1.* commodities, *2.* money or simple circulation. You see therefore that the part elaborated in detail (in May when I was with you) will not yet be published.

The heading on this first brochure was: BOOK 1. ON CAPITAL. FIRST SECTION: CAPITAL IN

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[20] Henryk Grossmann, "Die Anderung des Aufbauplans des Marxschen *Kapital,*" *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung,* Vol. 14 (1929).

[21] *MEW,* Vol. 30, p. 368.

[22] For what follows, see further the Basel dissertation of Otto Morf, *Das Verhältuis von Wissenschaftstheorie und Wirtschaftsgeschichte bei Karl Marx* (1951), pp. 75ff. Also, M. Rubel's Introduction to K. Marx, *Oeuvres,* Vol. 2 (Paris, 1968), to which I am here, as elsewhere, much indebted.

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GENERAL. The plan in the *Grundisse* shows that Marx intended, after finishing the section with the chapter on *Capital in general,* to add the further sections on more specific aspects of capital—circulation, credit, shares, etc., before proceeding to the other books on landed property, wage labour and so on. (This is spelt out even more clearly in a letter to Weydemeyer of February 1859.)[23]

Even in October 1859 Marx still hoped to complete the second brochure, "the true battle," by the end of the year. But journalism, domestic affairs, and political quarrels—particularly the obscure feud with Karl Vogt—ate into his time. In 1861 Marx did begin his "third chapter" but found that in two years he had written about 3,000 pages, a large part of which was edited by Kautsky as a sort of fourth volume to *Capital,* under the title of *Theories of Surplus Value.* In 1863, Marx began once more to work on the central thesis of his *Economics,* but it was seven years before this material emerged as *Capital: Book One* to be followed after Marx's death by Books Two and Three, the whole only constituting the first part of the total *Economics* that Marx in 1857 had intended to write.

THUS MARX'S THOUGHT is best viewed as a continuing meditation on central themes broached in 1844, the high point in which meditation occurred in 1857-8. The continuity between the *Manuscripts* and *Grundrisse* is evident. Marx himself (as we have seen) talked of the *Grundrisse* as the result of fifteen years of research, "the best period of my life."[24] This letter was written in November 1858, exactly fifteen years after Marx's arrival in Paris in November 1843. He also says in the *Preface* of 1859:

> the total material lies before me in the form of monographs, which were written at widely separated periods, for self-clarification, not for publication, and whose coherent collaboration according to the plan indicated will be dependent on external circumstances.[25]

This can only refer to the *Paris Manuscripts* of 1844 and the London notebooks of 1850-1852. Marx constantly used, and at the same time revised, material from an earlier date: he used his notebooks of 1843-1845 while writing *Capital.*

The beginning of the chapter on capital reproduces almost word for word the passages in the *Manuscripts* on human need, man as a species being, the individual as a social being, the idea of nature as, in a sense, man's body, the parallels between religious alienation and economic alienation, etc. The two works also have in common a utopian and almost millennial strain. One point in particular emphasises this continuity: the *Grundrisse* are as "Hegelian" as the *Paris Manuscripts.* This has sometimes been said to be a superficial Hegelianism and Marx's letter to Engels of January 1858 has been quoted:

> In the method it has been of great use to me that by mere accident I have leafed through Hegel's *Logic*—Freiligrath found some volumes that belonged originally to Bakunin and sent me them as a present.[26]

The reading of Hegel may have been accidental but the influence of Hegel went deeper. Some of the most Hegelian parts of the *Grundrisse*—and particularly the index of the book on capital—were written *before* the receipt of Freiligrath's present. Marx himself in a note in the *Grundrisse* written in November 1858 said, "later, before going on to another problem, it is necessary to correct the idealist manner of this analysis." A parallel has—justifiably, I think—been drawn between the renewal of Marx's interest in Hegel and Lenin's reading of Hegel that preceded the writing of his *Imperialism* and *The State and Revolution.* The same point can be put with reference to the term "alienation," which occurs much more in *Capital* than some writers appear to think, and which is central to most of the more important passages of the *Grundrisse.*

MARX NEVER REJECTED any of his writings. It is, of course, true that he speaks of re-reading the *Holy Family* with embarrassment. But this is true of all his writings: "it is self-evident," he wrote in 1846, "that an author, if he pursues his research, cannot *literally* publish what he has written six months previously."[27] Or in 1862:

> I find a work written four weeks before unsatisfactory and rewrite it completely.[28]

In 1851 Marx was quite willing to see reprinted his essays from as long ago as the *Rheinische Zeitung* of 1842 and he stated that even the *Communist Manifesto* was in need

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[23] *MEW,* Vol. 29, pp. 383, 554, 566f, 572f.
[24] *MEW,* Vol. 29, p. 566.
[25] Marx/Engels, *Selected Works,* Vol. 1, p. 361.
[26] *MEW,* Vol. 29, p. 260.
[27] *MEW,* Vol. 27, p. 449.
[28] *MEW,* Vol. 30, p. 622.

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of amendment as time went on. Marx's intellectual development is a process of "self-clarification" (to use his own expression), which cannot either be split into periods or be treated as a monolith.

The central point of this process is neither the *Paris Manuscripts* nor *Capital,* but the *Grundrisse* of 1857-8, the work which, more than any other, contains a synthesis of the various strands of Marx's thought. When the young Kautsky asked Marx whether the time had not come to publish his complete works, Marx's wry answer was:

> They would first have to be completed.

In a sense, none of Marx's works is complete, but the completest of them all is the *Grundrisse.*

THE TWO SECTIONS into which the *Grundrisse* is divided are entitled "On Money" and "On Capital", and the very few other sub-headings also give the impression of a strictly economic treatise. However, the actual content is much broader than the title indicates. It is interesting that the *Grundrisse* begins, as virtually all of Marx's major writings, as a critique of someone else's ideas: Marx was always happiest when he could work out his own views by attacking others. The *Grundrisse* opens with a few pages containing a critique of the reformist economists, Carey and Bastiat, brilliantly portrayed as incarnating respectively the vices (and virtues) of the mid-19th-century Yankee and the disciples of Proudhon. After ten pages or so, however, Marx writes: "It is impossible to pursue this nonsense further"; Carey and Bastiat are "dropped" and Marx, having sharpened his tools on lesser minds, proceeds to carve out his own path. The jumbled nature of this manuscript of rough notes, the variety of subjects discussed, and the tremendous compression of the style make it impossible to give a satisfactory brief account of its contents and still less to paraphrase it. The *Grundrisse* is a vast uncharted terrain: the explorers have, as yet, been few and only penetrated the periphery. But in the next few years it will undoubtedly be one of the main areas of interest to Marx scholars. However, some things stand out at first glance.

Firstly, there is the continuity of thought and style with the *1844 Manuscripts,* most noticeable in the influence of Hegel in both writings. If the *1844 Manuscripts* are Hegelian, then so is the *Grundrisse,* no more and no less. The concepts of alienation, objectification, appropriation, man's dialectical relationship to nature and his generic, or social, nature are all equally present in 1858. Early in the manuscript of the *Grundrisse* Marx offers the following comments on the economic ideas of his day, comments entirely reminiscent of his remarks on the "reification" of money in 1844:

> The economists themselves say that men accord to the object [money] a trust that they would not accord to each other as persons . . . Money can only possess a social property because individuals have alienated their own social relationships to a thing.[29]

Or later, and more generally:

> But if capital appears as the product of labour, the product of labour also appears as capital—no more as a simple product, not as exchangeable goods, but as *capital;* objectified labour becomes mastery, has command over living labour. It appears equally to be the result of labour, that its product appears as alien property, an independent mode of existence opposed to living labour, an equally autonomous value; that the product of labour, objectified labour, has acquired its own soul from living labour and has established itself opposite living labour as an *alien force.* Considered from the standpoint of labour, labour thus appears to be active in the production process in such a way that it seems to reject its realisation in objective conditions as alien reality, and that it puts itself in the position of an unsubstantial labour capacity endowed only with needs against this reality which is estranged from it and which belongs, not to it, but to others; that it establishes its own reality not as an entity of its own, but merely as an entity for others, and thus also as a mere entity of others, or other entity, against itself.

The most striking passage of the *Grundrisse* in this respect is the draft plan for Marx's *Economics* which is couched in language that might have come straight out of Hegel's *Logic.* Since these sections are typical of large parts of the *Grundrisse,* several of the accounts of Marx's thought produced by scholars of the older generation—Daniel Bell, Sidney Hook, Lewis Feuer[30]—must now be judged to have been mistaken. It was the thesis of these writers that there was a radical break between the Young and the Old Marx; and the major proof of this was held to be the absence, in the later writings, of the concept of alienation so

[29] All my quotations are translated from the edition of the *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Oekonomie,* published in East Berlin in 1953.

[30] Daniel Bell, "The Debate on Alienation", in *Revisionism* (1962); Sidney Hook, *From Hegel to Marx* (2nd ed., 1962); Lewis Feuer, "What is alienation? The career of a concept", *New Politics* (1962).

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central to the earlier writings. In addition those writers who have wished to minimise the influence of Hegel on Marx—and this might apply to Rubel in some of his earlier work—will have to revise their ideas.

BUT THERE IS ALSO a striking difference. In 1844 Marx had read some classical economists but had not yet had time to integrate this knowledge into his critique of Hegel. As a result, the *1844 Manuscripts* fall into two separate halves as illustrated by the title given them by their first editors: the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts*. By 1857/8 Marx has assimilated both Ricardo and Hegel (there are, interestingly, no references to Feuerbach in the *Grundrisse)*, and he is in a position to make his own synthesis. He is, in Lassalle's words, "a Hegel turned economist, a Ricardo turned socialist."[31]

From the point of view of economics, the *Grundrisse* contains the first elaboration of Marx's mature theory. There are two key changes of emphasis. Firstly, instead of analysing the market mechanisms of *exchange*, as he had done earlier, Marx now starts from a consideration of *production*. Secondly, he now says that what the worker sells is not his *labour*, but his *labour power*. It is a combination of these two views that gives rise to the doctrine of surplus value. For, according to Marx, surplus value is not created by exchange but by the fact that the development of the means of production under capitalism enables the capitalist to enjoy the use-value of the worker's labour power and with it to produce values that far exceed the mere exchange value of this labour power—which amounts only to food for the worker's subsistence. In fact, virtually all the elements of Marx's economic theory are elaborated in the *Grundrisse*. Since, however, these elements are dealt with at greater length in *Capital*, the *Grundrisse* is more interesting for the discussions that are not taken up again in the completed fragments of Marx's vast enterprise.

What, therefore, is new in Marx's picture of alienation in the *Grundrisse* is that it attempts to be firmly rooted in history. Capital, as well as being obviously an "alienating" force, had fulfilled a very *positive* mission. Within a short space of time it had developed the productive forces enormously, had replaced natural needs by those historically created, and had given birth to a world market. It was, thus, the turning point between the limitations of the past and the untold riches of the future:

> The universal nature of this production with its generality creates an estrangement of the individual from himself and others, but also for the first time the general and universal nature of his relationships and capacities. At early stages of development the single individual appears to be more complete, since he has not yet elaborated the wealth of his relationships, and has not established them as powers and autonomous social relationships that are opposed to himself. It is as ridiculous to wish to return to that primitive abundance as it is to believe in the necessity of its complete depletion. The bourgeois view has never got beyond opposition to this romantic outlook and thus will be accompanied by it, as a legitimate antithesis, right up to its blessed end.

The ideas produced by capitalism were as transitory as capitalism itself: here Marx formulated his most succinct critique of "classical" liberal principles. Pointing out that, although free competition may have been necessary at the beginning of capitalism, it was bound eventually to hamper its development, Marx alludes to

> the absurdity of considering free competition as being the final development of human liberty; and the negation of free competition as being the negation of individual liberty and of social production founded on individual liberty. We are concerned only with free development on a limited foundation—that of the dominion of capital. This kind of individual liberty is thus at the same time the most complete suppression of all individual liberty and total subjugation of individuality to social conditions which take the form of material forces—and even of overpowering objects that are independent of the individuals relating to them. The development of what free competition is, is the only rational answer to the deification of it by the middle-class prophets, or its bedevilment by the socialists. If it is said that, within the limits of free competition, individuals by following their pure self-interest realise their social, or rather their general interest, this means merely that they exert pressure upon one another under the conditions of capitalist production and that collision between them can only again give rise to the conditions under which their interaction took place. Moreover, once the illusion that competition is the ostensible absolute form of free individuality disappears, this proves that the conditions of competition, *i.e.* production founded on capital, are already felt and thought of as a barrier, as indeed they already are and will increasingly become so. The assertion that free competition is the final form of the development of productive forces, and thus of human freedom, means only that the domination of the middle class is the end of the world's history—of course quite a pleasant thought for yesterday's parvenus!

[31] Lassalle to Marx, 12 May 1851.

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This richer historical content implies that the *Grundrisse*, while continuing the themes central to the *Paris Manuscripts*, treats them in a much "maturer" way than was possible before Marx had achieved a synthesis of his ideas on philosophy and economics. Those interpretations of Marx which take the *Paris Manuscripts* as his central work have seriously misplaced their emphasis. Erich Fromm and—to a lesser extent—Robert Tucker are examples of this tendency.[32] Equally, those critics of Marx who sometimes write as though Marx's summary of the "guiding thread" of his studies in the *Preface* to his *Critique of Political Economy* (1859) were a definite and exhaustive account of his views will have to do some wider reading.[33] For such a brief summary as is contained in the *Preface* can only be adequately interpreted by reference to the immense amount of background thinking and writing from which it sprang.[34]

THE KEY TO THE UNDERSTANDING of the ambivalent nature of capitalism—and the possibilities that it contained for an unalienated society—was the notion of *time*. "All economics", said Marx, "can be reduced in the last analysis to the economics of time." The profits of capitalism were built on the creation of surplus work time, yet at the same time the wealth of capitalism emancipated man from manual labour and gave him increasing access to free time. Capital was itself a "permanent revolution" *(beständig revolutionerend)*:

> Pursuing this tendency, capital has pushed beyond national boundaries and prejudices, beyond deification of nature and the inherited, self-sufficient satisfaction of existing needs confined within well-defined bounds, and the reproduction of the traditional way of life.
>
> It is destructive of all this, and permanently revolutionary, tearing down all obstacles that impede the development of productive forces, the expansion of needs, the diversity of production and the exploitation and exchange of natural and intellectual forces.

But, in Marx's eyes, these very characteristics of capitalism entailed its dissolution. Its wealth was based on the introduction of machinery followed (Marx's foresight here is extraordinary) by that of automation *(automatisches System de Maschinerie)*; and this entailed an ever-growing contradiction between the decreasing role played by labour in the production of social wealth and the necessity for capital to appropriate surplus labour. Capital was thus both hugely creative and hugely wasteful:

> Capital is contradiction embodied in a process, since it makes an effort to reduce labour time to the minimum, while at the same time establishing labour time as the sole measurement and source of wealth. Thus it diminishes labour time in its *necessary* form, in order to increase its *superfluous* form; therefore it increasingly establishes superfluous labour time as a condition (a question of life and death) for necessary labour time.
>
> On the one hand it calls into life all the forces of science and nature, as well as those of social cooperation and commerce, in order to create wealth which is relatively independent of the labour time utilised. On the other hand, it attempts to measure the vast social forces thus created in terms of labour time, and imprisons them within the narrow limits that are required in order to retain the value already created *as* value. Productive forces and social relationships—the two different sides of the development of social individuality—appear only as a means for capital, and are for it only a means to enable it to produce from its own cramped foundation. But in fact they are the material conditions that will shatter this foundation.

Passages like this show clearly enough that such apparently purely economic doctrines as the labour theory of value are not economic doctrines in the sense that, say, Keynes or Schumpeter understand them. The reading of Marx as an economist among other economists is bound to falsify to some extent his thought. For Marx, as he himself proclaimed as early as 1844, economics and ethics were inextricably linked. The *Grundrisse* shows that this is as true of his later writings as it is of the earlier.

In such a state of affairs there is danger that the forces guiding human development will be taken over entirely by machines to the exclusion of human beings:

> Science thus appears, in the machine, as something alien and exterior to the worker; and living labour is subsumed under objectified

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[32] Erich Fromm, *Marx's Concept of Man* (1961); Robert Tucker, *Philosophy and Myth in Karl Marx* (1961).

[33] John Plamenatz, *German Marxism and Russian Communism* (1954); H. B. Acton, *The Illusion of the Epoch* (1955).

[34] See the article by A. Prinz in the *Journal of the History of Ideas* (Summer, 1969) which argues that the *Preface* was written solely with a view to getting Marx's book past the censors. This view seems to me untenable, but shows the sort of considerations that have to be borne in mind when commenting on such a text.

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> labour which acts independently. The worker appears to be superfluous insofar as his action is not determined by the needs of capital.[35]

In the age of automation, science itself can become the biggest factor making for alienation:

> The worker's activity, limited to a mere abstraction, is determined and regulated on all sides by the movement of the machinery, not the other way round. The knowledge that obliges the inanimate parts of the machine, through their construction, to work appropriately as an automaton, does not exist in the consciousness of the worker, but acts through the machine upon him as an alien force, as the power of the machine itself.

Yet this enormous expansion of the productive forces did not necessarily bring with it the alienation of the individual: it afforded the opportunity for society to become composed of "social" or "universal" individuals *(gesellschaftliches Individuum)*—beings very similar to the "all-round" *(allseitiger)* individuals of the *Paris Manuscripts*. This is how Marx describes the transition from individual to social production:

> Production based on exchange value therefore falls apart, and the immediate material productive process finds itself stripped of its impoverished, antagonistic form. Individuals are then in a position to develop freely. It is no longer a question of reducing the necessary labour time of society to a minimum. The counterpart of this reduction is that all members of society can develop their artistic, scientific, etc., education, thanks to the free time now available to all . . . .
>
> Bourgeois economists are so bogged down in their traditional ideas of the historical development of society in a single stage, that the necessity of the *objectification* of the social forces of labour seems to them inseparable from the necessity of its *alienation* in relation to living labour.
>
> But as living labour loses its *immediate*, individual character, whether subjective or entirely external, as individual activity becomes directly general or social, the material elements of production lose this form of alienation. They are then produced as property, as the organic social body in which individuals are reproduced as individuals, but as social individuals.
>
> The conditions for their being such in the reproduction of their life, in their productive life process, can only be established by the historical economic process; both these conditions are objective and subjective conditions which are only the two different forms of the same conditions.

It is noteworthy that here, and throughout the *Grundrisse*, the agent of the transformation —the revolutionary activity of the proletariat —is never alluded to.

THE "UNIVERSAL INDIVIDUAL"—a notion that Marx returns to almost *ad nauseam* in the *Grundrisse*—is at the centre of Marx's vision of utopia; the millenarian strain is no less clear here than in the passage in the *Paris Manuscripts* on communism as "the solution to the riddle of history." The universal tendency inherent in capital, says Marx, creates

> as a basis, a development of productive forces—of wealth in general—whose powers and tendencies are of a general nature, and at the same time a universal commerce, and thus world trade as a basis. The basis as the possibility of the universal development of individuals; the real development of individuals from this basis as the constant abolition of each limitation conceived of *as* a limitation and not as a sacred boundary. The universality of the individual not as thought or imagined, but as the universality of his real and ideal relationships. Man therefore becomes able to understand his own history as a *process*, and to conceive of nature (involving also practical control over it) as his own real body. The process of development is itself established and understood as a prerequisite. But it is necessary also and above all that full development of the productive forces should have become a *condition of production*, not that determined *conditions of production* should be set up as a boundary beyond which productive forces cannot develop.

Marx very rarely discussed the form of the future communist society—reasonably enough in his own terms, for he would have laid himself open to the charge of "idealism", the spinning of ideas that had no foundation in reality. But certain passages in the *Grundrisse* give a better idea than the well-known accounts in the *Communist Manifesto* or the *Critique of the Gotha Programme* of what lay at the heart of Marx's vision. One of the central factors is time, since the development of the "universal individual" depends above all on the free time that he has at his disposal. Time is of the essence in Marx's utopia:

> If we suppose communal production, the determination of time remains, of course, essential. The less time society requires in order to produce wheat, cattle, etc., the more time it gains for other forms of production, material

[35] In his correspondence with Engels, Marx says that he considers the primitive model of an automatic machine to be a *clock*. Marx got a lot of his information on automatic spinning machinery (as well as other aspects of factory life) from Engels to whom he often turned for help in these practical questions. He confessed to his friend: "I understand the mathematical laws, but the simplest technical reality, where observation is necessary, is as difficult for me as for the greatest ignoramus. . . ." (Marx-Engels, *Werke*, vol. 30, p. 320).

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or intellectual. As with a single individual, the universality of its development, its enjoyment and its activity depends on saving time....

On the basis of community production, the first economic law thus remains the economy of time, and the methodical distribution of working time between the various branches of production. This law becomes indeed of much greater importance. But all this differs basically from the measurement of exchange values (labour and the products of labour) by labour time. The work of individuals participating in the same branch of activity, and the different kinds of labour, are not only quantitatively but also qualitatively different. What is the pre-condition of a merely *quantitative* difference between things? The fact that their *quality* is the same. Thus units of labour can be measured quantitatively only if they are of equal and identical quality.

This free time is due entirely to the extensive use of machinery. Whereas in the past machinery has been a power hostile to the worker, in the future its function can be radically altered:

No special sagacity is required in order to understand that, beginning with free labour or wage-labour for example, which arose after the abolition of slavery, machines can only develop in opposition to living labour, as a hostile power and alien property, *i.e.* they must, as capital, oppose the worker.

It is equally easy to see that machines do not cease to be agents of social production, once they become for example, the property of associated workers. But in the first case, their means of distribution (the fact that they do not belong to the workers) is itself a condition of the means of production that is founded on wage-labour. In the second case, an altered means of distribution will derive from an altered new basis of production emerging from the historical process.

Marx rejected Adam Smith's view of work as necessarily an imposition. But neither did he subscribe to Fourier's idea that work could become a sort of game. According to Marx, Smith's view is true of the labour

which has not yet created the subjective and objective conditions (which it lost when it abandoned pastoral conditions) which make of it attractive labour and individual self-realisation. This does not means that labour can be made merely a joke, or amusement, as Fourier naively expressed it in shop-girl terms. Really free labour, the composing of music for example, is at the same time damned serious and demands the greatest effort. The labour concerned with material production can only have this character if *(1)* it is of a social nature, *(2)* it has a scientific character and at the same time is general work, *i.e.* if it ceases to be achieved by human effort as a definite, trained natural force, and—no longer a merely natural, primitive force—becomes the activity of a subject controlling all the forces of nature in the production process.

Marx envisages a time when production depends not on the amount of labour employed but on the general level of science and technology, when the measure of wealth is the enormous disproportion between the labour time employed and the size of the product, when "man behaves as the supervisor and regulator of the process of production." Then the true emancipation of mankind will take place:

In this re-orientation what appears as the mainstay of production and wealth is neither the immediate labour performed by the worker, nor the time that he works—but the appropriation of his general productive force, his understanding of nature and the mastery of it as a special force; in a word, the development of the social individual.

The theft of others' labour time upon which wealth depends today seems to be a miserable basis compared with the newly-developed foundation that has been created by heavy industry itself.

As soon as labour, in its direct form, has ceased to be the main source of wealth, then labour time ceases, and must cease, to be its standard of measurement, and thus exchange value must cease to be the measurement of use-value. The surplus labour of the masses has ceased to be a condition for the development of wealth in general; in the same way that the non-labour of the few has ceased to be a condition for the development of the powers of the human mind in general.

THESE EXTRACTS obviously cannot give a full picture of the contents of the *Grundrisse:* but they do give a definite impression of Marx's thought at its richest. The nature of the vision that inspired Marx is at least sketched out: communal production in which the quality of work determined its value; the disappearance of money with that of exchange value; and an increase in free time affording opportunities for the universal development of the individual. The *Grundrisse* is not only important as a vital element for the understanding and interpretation of Marx's thought. The contemporary relevance of Marx's views on the ambivalent nature of technology is sufficiently obvious. There are other alienations than those based on sweated labour.

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Column

UNIVERSITIES are, as we should know by now, very strange institutions, and some of them, particularly in the United States, have in recent years begun to look even stranger than usual. Centres of learning, research factories, training grounds for revolutionaries, agencies of the industrial-military complex, schools of technology; there appears to be no end to the functions they perform, and it is no wonder if students and staff sometimes seem to get a little confused about what they are supposed to be doing.

There is one aspect of their activities, however, to which they do not often pay much attention. Perhaps they might become even more confused if they did. In addition to everything else, universities are important economic institutions, consuming large quantities of scarce and valuable resources, which might conceivably be used in different ways and applied to different purposes, and producing goods and services which, or some of which, might quite easily be produced by other means. In this country we are perhaps particularly apt to forget this aspect of the university, because the idea has grown up that university education is in some sense "free", like air or sunshine, so that there is no reason why anyone should be denied his or her share of it. But even in countries like the United States where students are required to pay for the privilege of a university education, no one suggests that they should pay its full cost. Student fees defray only a fraction of the vast expenditure required to maintain the university system and the balance has to be made up either by the state or by endowments.

The authors of *Academia in Anarchy* (by James M. Buchanan and Nicos E. Devletoglou, Basic Books, Inc., $5.95) have felt that it would be useful to examine the universities from a strictly economic point of view, in the belief that this might help to dispel some of the confusion which now admittedly reigns in the academic world, both as to ends and as to means. As professional economists themselves, they are encouraged in their belief because, they say, economics has a general theory of how human beings behave under given circumstances and there is no reason why it should not apply to universities any less than to other institutions, such as industrial corporations or merchant banks. Students and teachers are of the same flesh and blood as shopkeepers or stockbrokers and can be expected to respond in the same way to the same stimuli. If in fact they appear to behave very differently, may this not be merely because universities occupy such a very special and anomalous position in our society and may this not in itself explain the troubles by which they are afflicted? It might be true of course that economic theory only applies imperfectly and partially to universities, because of their peculiar structure. But might not this also explain why they produce such very peculiar results?

Certainly the authors' analysis seems to demonstrate that, economically speaking, the university is a very queer creature; so queer indeed that one almost begins to wonder whether it can exist at all, like a unicorn or a hippogriff. Perhaps that is why, when one listens to so many academic pronouncements on the nature and functions of the university, one often has the feeling that one is in the sphere of fable or fairy tale rather than of day-to-day reality.

The authors are well aware that they are dealing with a very special case.

> University education [they say] when examined through an economist's eyes, assumes the character of a unique industry. This is because: *(1)* those who consume its product do not purchase it; *(2)* those who produce it do not sell it; and *(3)* those who finance it do not control it.

In this strange state of affairs, the consumer who does not pay for the product is represented by the student and under such conditions certain results would appear to be inevitable. Firstly, demand for student places will outrun the supply, and require some form of rationing. This in itself introduces an element of confusion into a system whose products are both eagerly desired and theoretically available to all who are capable of benefiting by them. But what is worse is that the product, being free, will also fail to satisfy the consumer, because he has no power to control it. Since he cannot pay the cost of maintaining or improving its quality, it will show a continuous tendency to deteriorate.

To the dissatisfied consumer who does not pay corresponds the producer who does not sell, that is to say university faculties and administrations. They operate in a market in

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which prices to the consumer tend to zero and demand to infinity. In such a situation,

> is there any difficulty in making the elementary prediction that few, if any, attempts will be made to satisfy directly the demands of consumers? Is there any wonder that faculties offer the sort of product they themselves derive most pleasure in supplying—in turn, a product which need not meet the desires of those for whom it produces?

At the base of this economic structure, almost unnoticed, like the part of the iceberg that is hidden under the sea, stands the investor, here represented by the taxpayer (or private or corporate philanthropist) who sacrifices the resources necessary to support the university system but is totally divorced from any control of the purposes to which they are devoted. The question is, how long will he continue to do so if no one can convince him that he is getting an adequate return for his money, and if what he sees of the end product of the industry he finances signally fails to satisfy his expectations. "Who is so unworldly to invest resources in a product that is deliberately shrouded in veils of mystery and propaganda as to its ultimate value?"

OF COURSE, THE AUTHORS of *Academia in Anarchy* are to some extent teasing us. They are engaged in a theoretical exercise, which consists in applying to a concrete situation, into which many other than economic factors enter, a set of highly generalised principles which only take economic factors into account. It is a kind of intellectual game, to which economists are very much addicted, sometimes with disastrous practical results, but on this occasion we should be grateful to them because they play it divertingly and amusingly. But we should also be grateful because their analysis does in fact help to illuminate certain aspects of the university system today which are sometimes overlooked or misinterpreted, particularly by the universities themselves.

The student, for instance, is not simply a customer for a product; and the strict application of the principles of consumer's choice to university education would certainly make affairs even worse than they are today. Yet, as their own protests and demands show, students are increasingly dissatisfied with the education they are offered, and it is often too easily assumed that this dissatisfaction has no legitimate basis. Of course they would be shocked, and rightly so, if they were told that what they really wanted was the restoration of a free market in university education; but this does not mean that other ways cannot, and should not, be found to give some recognition to their dissatisfaction or to identify its real origins.

Again, university faculties do very often think, and behave, as if it is only themselves they have to please in the teaching, or the lack of it, with which they provide their students, and, largely as a result of expansion of the universities, it really is often deficient both in quality and in quantity. At the same time, they defend themselves against any form of criticism, either by the students or by anyone else, by an insistence on their "academic freedom" which in some cases amounts to a claim to total irresponsibility. The authors of *Academia in Anarchy* believe that, human nature being what it is, this is inevitable so long as university staff are totally protected from the forces of the market; in their view, things would be rather different if both salaries and tenure depended on an ability to satisfy the demands of the customer, as demonstrated by the willingness of students to pay when they were pleased or to refuse to do so if they were not.

It is also a consequence of the absolute claim to "academic freedom" that the investor/taxpayer should be totally excluded from any control of, or influence on, the ways in which his money is spent, either directly or through his elected representatives. Indeed, by now universities take this situation so much for granted that they hardly bother to explain their purposes in language which the taxpayer can understand. The nearest they get to it perhaps, in this country, is in their quinquennial submissions to the University Grants Committee; but these are documents which belong to the world of secret diplomacy rather than of higher education. Yet university teachers are never tired of telling us, and especially their students, that there is no freedom which does not imply a responsibility. If one were to ask whom university faculties were responsible to, the answer in most cases would be that they are responsible to no one at all except themselves. In other spheres of life, of course, this is not called freedom but anarchy.

WHETHER THIS SITUATION is the result of the degree of protection against market forces enjoyed by the universities is of course a different matter. It is even more doubtful whether it could, or should, be remedied by exposing them to their full blast. In that case, the cure might well be worse than the disease; in my opinion it would be fatal. But I think both that *Academia in Anarchy* has succeeded

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in identifying some of the grave weaknesses of the existing university system, and that these weaknesses help to explain many of their troubles. It is for the universities themselves to discover the remedy for these weaknesses, most of all because, as the authors emphasise, the fault is by no means exclusively that of the students. They might perhaps make a good start if university teachers and administrators were to begin by reading *Academia in Anarchy* for themselves, press their students to do likewise, and organise a joint sit-in to discuss its conclusions. It would in any case provide an excellent academic exercise. It might even produce some practical results, though perhaps this is too much to hope for.

*

IT WOULD SEEM that the conventional wedding ceremony has now largely lost its meaning or its purpose in the United States, not merely among hippies or drop-outs, or youthful or ageing devotees of free love, but precisely among those who until recently were its most faithful patrons. For the Smart Set, it seems, the church aisle, the bridesmaids, the Wedding March, the tiered cake, are out; on the other hand, the more austere ritual of the registry office is felt to be altogether too joyless and clinical for modern needs. What is wanted, it seems, is something which will express the free and emancipated spirit of post-industrial capitalism, while at the same time endowing it with a pastoral charm which is not always thought of as its most characteristic feature.

The thing to do this summer, both on the East and the West Coast, is to devise a wedding ceremony of one's own, and to celebrate it in some place of one's own choosing, preferably somewhere close to Nature, like a flower-sprinkled meadow, or a mountain top, or a dockside, or Central Park. This isn't always easy, because not everyone has a meadow or a mountain or a dock at his disposal, and Central Park is sometimes occupied; but somehow Daddy will always provide. Clothes also are at one's liking, though it seems that it is *de rigueur* to be barefooted as one tiptoes through the tulips, and the service, among the best people, will include readings from Simone de Beauvoir, Eldridge Cleaver, or anyone else who takes your fancy (though for reasons which I cannot imagine Beckett or Burroughs don't seem included in the new Order of Service). Dates are not important, so that a month's old pregnant bride serves only as a special symbol of the fertility of the Beautiful People. Unless parents and relations are stuffy, pot is preferable to champagne; nothing could be more acceptable to the guests than reefers in gold paper inscribed with the bride's and bridegroom's initials. As for marriage vows, the bridegroom at a recent wedding declared that he took his bride "for better and for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health, in war and in peace, in order or in chaos, as long as we both shall dig it," which just shows how far a genuinely free spirit can improve on the hackneyed prose of the Prayer Book.

But details are really unimportant. The great thing is to be *natural,* spontaneous, and allow Love to have its head. At a recent smart wedding in New York the bridal pair took off their clothes and made love before their guests; the minister explained that "they are trying to have a feeling of unity." And as long as one is really close to nature, there is no reason why such ceremonies should be performed without benefit of clergy, for it must not be thought that the churches are behind in such attempts to give a new look to worn-out rituals. A really smart *alfresco* wedding ceremony on a tiny island in the Saugatuck River, off Westport, was conducted, in pouring rain, by a Roman Catholic priest, in blue jeans and swinging his censer, jointly with a Jewish rabbi, also in blue jeans. The bride wore a $2000 way-out dress; the bridgegroom was in tails. The ceremony included a reading of *How to Build an Organic Community* by an otherwise unknown hippy poet, and ended with the words, pronounced by the rabbi: "With the blessing of God and the authority of the state, believe it or not, and most of all with the authority of the youth of America, I pronounce you man and wife."

I take this information from that excellent observer of the social scene, *New York* magazine, which itself acknowledges its indebtedness to the society columns of the *New York Times* and to *Women's Wear World* (tie-dyed pants suits, St. Laurent midis, white lace Galanos are worn in the meadows and on mountain tops). For the partners in such ceremonies are normally white, middle-class, products of Ivy League colleges and the offspring of socially impeccable parents. *New York* considers that they are "rebelling against a world where it is considered sophisticated to say that love is dead." It must be the first insurrection that ever made the society columns and fashion pages.

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POETRY

A Salute to the Makers

By John Wain

MOST PEOPLE would agree that the "forms" of literature have no importance in themselves, that they are simply conveniences. A writer, essentially considered, is an imaginative person who seeks to convey his imaginative vision to his fellow-men by means of words, just as if he were a painter he would try to convey it in terms of colour and shape, or if a musician in terms of sounds. His medium is the dictionary, especially that great dictionary which is forever writing itself on the lips of a nation in speech. Whether he chops his lines up into lengths and calls the result "poetry", or writes long narratives, or short narratives, or breaks up his stories into dialogue and distributes them among a company of actors to play on a stage—these are interesting decisions, but secondary ones.

Essentially, as I say, this is so. The trouble is that these conveniences, these "forms", are *so convenient* that there is a constant and largely unnoticed pressure on us to over-rate them. If somebody decides to give a course of lectures on "the novel", for instance, and begins to read and make notes and shape his material, he must necessarily group his chosen writers in an artificial relationship with one another, and deny them their natural relationship with other writers; he must cut them out of the herd, away from the poets and playwrights with whom they would normally co-exist, and corral them together as "novelists" because they chose a particular form. And if any of these novelists happens to have made the attempt to convey his imaginative vision also in poetry, as Hardy did or as Meredith did or as Lawrence did or as I do, then he must expect to have the whole poetic side of his work lopped off and thrown into an antiseptic dustbin, to be dissected when somebody gets round to a study of "poetry"—that somebody in turn, of course, ignoring prose fiction as "not within the scope of this study" or some other churchwardenly formula for the covering-up of timidity and incompetence. If a poet happens to be a dramatist, as Eliot was, then the critics of drama will discuss his plays at length and mention his poetry only incidentally, if at all; and *vice versa*. This situation is not only bad for critics, making them even more lazy and unadventurous than nature made them to begin with; it is bad for writers as well, because for centuries every Western writer has grown up with the idea that the various literary forms are separated by tall hedges and that to break down one of those hedges—let alone break down two or three of them!—is an act of effrontery only to be justified by transcendent genius.

In the end one begins to think that it would be better if the conventional divisions between literary forms could be brain-washed out of us, if we could somehow wake up one morning knowing that there was imaginative writing but not knowing about Poetry, the Novel, Drama. Think of the bad criticism it would rid us of! I remember, when Dylan Thomas died, an obituary summing-up by a distinguished lady poet, who praised his poems and added rather sniffily that he had a useful gift for writing comic prose that must have been handy for pot-boiling—thus at one stroke blocking the natural avenue between Thomas' poems and the marvellous stories about growing up in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*, which are the natural accompaniment of his poems and obviously come from the same sensibility. To this lady poet, the fact that the stories were in prose automatically put them one step below the poems, because verse is Higher than prose, and the fact that they contained jokes bumped them down another two or three steps, because poetry is too Lofty to have any dealings with humour. Anyone who followed this line of approach would be bound to miss a great deal in Dylan Thomas' poetry, which uses the same rich playfulness of language as the stories, and is haunted by the same spirit of wild comedy: those generous explo-

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sions of metaphor burst out from some source of tragic exuberance that is never far from laughter.

NO DOUBT I seem to be labouring the obvious, but I have been reading some books on poetry, and it has driven me to the conclusion that most of the really suffocating nonsense would disappear from the literary scene if the whole category of "poetry" could somehow be dis-invented, if from now on no one called himself a poet, if there were no Poetry Fellowships or Poetry Awards or Poetry Evenings, if all writers were just called writers—or, if this did not differentiate the imaginative writer sufficiently from the authors of books on *Whither Liberalism?* or *How to Fiddle the Income Tax,* let the imaginative writer be called a "maker" as he once was in Scotland. "Maker" is of course the literal translation of ποητης, poet, and as recently as the sixteenth century it was usual to apply the word "poet" to any writer who showed imaginative vision; the Renaissance "defences of poetry" against Puritan attack are not defences of *verse,* but of imagination, invention, symbolism, everything that is not a mere transcript of factual reality.

I admit that this Act of Oblivion would be attended by certain inconveniences. But these inconveniences would only affect bureaucrats of the arts, the kind of people who run the official "poetry world"; and I am sure their ingenuity would be equal to the task of coping with any adminstrative problems that arose. For writers, and readers, the dis-invention of poetry would be marvellously liberating. It would put an end to all the various kinds of cant whose tendency is to single out the poet and make him feel that he is altogether different from other makers. It would be the end of a mystique, and a very bad and unhelpful mystique it has been. Who does not know the complacent egotist who, having got into print with a few slabs of incoherent maundering, considers it axiomatic that he is the natural superior of Harold Pinter or William Golding?

More important still, it would be the recognition of an existing situation. The breaking-down of barriers between the various literary forms has already happened, *de facto,* and might as well be admitted *de jure.* A hundred years ago, there was a general social expectation about the nature of poetry. If you opened a book of poetry, you saw that the lines were arranged metrically, and this prepared you for a suppler language and a more audacious use of metaphor. There was an unspoken compact between writer and reader: "This is poetry. Don't expect the kind of thing you are used to in prose." And the prose-writer, also, observed this gentleman's agreement. It was expected that prose should approximate to the language of normal discourse, and on the whole this expectation was fulfilled. Even Dickens, who was more of a poet than most of the verse-poets of his day, managed to stop short of the kind of prose-poetry that was to be written in France only a little later, by Lautréamont and Rimbaud.

This left the poet a clear field in which to be Lofty and also, if necessary, to be Difficult. Where the prose-writer had agreed to "show his working," the poet could make unexplained jumps, and be allusive, and mysterious, in the knowledge that his public would take trouble to fathom out his meaning, and, if they did not succeed in fathoming it out, would keep that embarrassing fact to themselves. To some extent, the entire society said to all poets what Matthew Arnold had said to Shakespeare: "Others abide our question: thou art free." The poet was privileged, the prose-writer was not.

This situation has now completely disappeared. As all imaginative literature is more and more driven into a corner, the distinction between one maker and another becomes less and less important. Back in the 1950s, I remember noticing that Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* seemed more like poetry than most of the verse-plays which were, at that time, still enjoying a vogue. And the tendency has continued. With the disappearance of a mass public for the novel (the kind of writer who used to write mass-circulation novels now writes television sagas), the serious, "literary" novel is now read by very much the same kind of person who reads poetry. Meanwhile the public for poetry itself has changed. The oral culture has brought the notion of "poetry," if not always the thing itself, to a public completely different from the one that traditionally respected it; and, if present tendencies continue, will end by driving the traditional public away altogether.

THESE THOUGHTS have been vaguely present to my mind for some time, but they have been brought to the surface by reading three new books about poetry, two of them first-rate and the third patchy. The first-rate ones are Michael Hamburger's *The Truth of Poetry*[1] and Jerzy Peterkiewicz's *The Other Side of Silence*[2]; the patchy one is *The Survival of*

[1] *The Truth of Poetry.* By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 55s.
[2] *The Other Side of Silence.* By JERZY PETERKIEWICZ. Oxford University Press, 30s.

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Poetry, edited by Martin Dodsworth[3], one of those worthy collections by "several hands" that grow out of a series of public lectures. Such collections inevitably include a few duds, but with any luck they have some good things as well; there is, in this one, a first-rate critical essay (Barbara Hardy on Sylvia Plath) and several pieces which could, at any rate, serve as useful introductions. The fatuities, however, outweigh the good things, and it is probably true that books like this, which obtrude a screen of trend-talk between the reader and the poets, are best left alone.

It was Mr. Hamburger's book that gave me most furiously to think, not only because of its high level of thoughtfulness and sensibility, but because it is so disturbingly informative. To be told about poet after poet, from country after country, to be shown examples of their work, to be introduced to their theories about poetry, and their views of the universe, and their personal circumstances, and the titles of their books, and the kind of thing they said in their letters, is to be (as another contemporary poet has put it) "bombed with information." Because Mr. Hamburger knows so much about poetry, in so many languages, and has thought about it so deeply, and is such a good poet himself, and explains it so clearly without minimising the difficulties—because of these things, his book is truly frightening: I mean it makes me want to get up from my chair and run away. For what his book really demonstrates, as he knows perfectly well, is the sheer *chaos* of modern poetry, the lack of agreement about anything at all. Poetry is impersonal, so that the better a poet is, "the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates" (T. S. Eliot); from another point of view, "one of the great criticisms of poets of the past is that they said one thing and did another" (Philip Larkin). Chance, the random sweeping-together of material, is an important poetic principle because it counters the willed and the deliberate, which make art unreal (Jean Arp); on the contrary, a poem is "a kind of machine for producing the poetic state of mind by means of words" (Paul Valéry). Yeats comes in somewhere between Eliot and Larkin with his doctrine of "the mask," the notion that the way to achieve great poetry is to meditate on an imaginary being who is the exact opposite of oneself, and thus set up a creative tension between what all too obviously is and what might have been if you had been born an entirely different person. Somewhere between Arp and Valéry stands Jorge Guillén with his belief that the essential *haecceitas* of everything is embodied in the name we give to it, so that a noun like "Rose" enshrines our memory of past roses and our anticipation of those we shall see in the future. Other poets have tried to strip away the coating of language and come directly at experience: a doctrine like Guillén's would make language, in its primary role of the naming of objects, the most direct avenue to experience. The ideal poetic state is purely instinctual, emptied of opinions, reduced to a simplicity that is almost pre-conscious (Gottfried Benn); no, it is an acceptance of normality and responsibility, a consciousness that includes everything that the ordinary man worries about (Franco Fortini). Poetry, to be effective, must purge itself of everything that smacks of invention and originality; its metaphors and similes must operate at the level of ordinary prose usage, that is to say below the point at which they are felt as metaphors and similes at all (Cesar Vallejo); no, answers Wallace Stevens, poetry must shimmer with analogies, it must thrive on correspondences which only the poet has perceived, because "Poetry is a satisfying of the desire for resemblance." Poetry is essentially an exploration, a groping into the dark of the poet's mind for meanings that only the act of creation will reveal (Dylan Thomas); no, its business is to tell its readers "something they know and hadn't thought of saying" (Robert Frost). There seems no point in going on; the great strength of this book, and also what makes it unsettling, is that it demonstrates how little the poets of the modern world, with all the force of their art and the logic of their persuasion, have been able to convince one another. "Each thing meets/In mere oppugnancy."

If Mr. Hamburger's book opens a window on to chaos, Mr. Peterkiewicz also intensifies one's sense of the difficulties of the poet, but in a different way. He is concerned less with the sheer Babel of theory and practice than with the fundamental problems inherent in poetry as a means of perception. Where Mr. Hamburger is exoteric, Mr. Peterkiewicz by comparison is esoteric. He meditates intensely, and rather sombrely, on that side of the poet's experience which links him with the mystic and the visionary. Like Mr. Hamburger, he refers to a wide range of examples, from many literatures; but, essentially, his main exhibits are rather few. He is really interested primarily

[3] *The Survival of Poetry*. Edited by Martin Dodsworth. Faber, 45s.

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in a handful of major visionary-poets whose spiritual biographies bring up in an acute form the question: how far towards the truth will poetry, in the end, carry us?

I found this book very fruitful, a tremendous stimulus towards meditation on the ultimates of poetry, and I am grateful for it. For this reason I shall pass lightly over what might otherwise be my doubts and reservations. Considered purely as a critical study, *The Other Side of Silence* is not quite satisfactory. Its scope is partial, and it consistently employs language that suggests that its scope is general. "The poet" is habitually used in contexts where some such phrase as "certain kinds of poet in certain situations" would have been more prudent. Further, in spite of a chapter called "The Failure of Mystical Verse", Mr. Peterkiewicz obviously has a large element of the mystical in his own imaginative composition, and assumes (mistakenly, in my opinion) that this is the rule rather than the exception, so that he can write:

> In his adoration of nature, the poet finds an obstacle: the obstacle is of the same kind as in any pantheistic concept of God. If deity is so widely and diversely represented in things, why should we feel the mystical thirst for the void, that is for the absence of natural phenomena?

It seems to me highly doubtful that Shakespeare, for instance, ever felt "the mystical thirst for the void", or that such a thirst is necessarily a part of the experience of an artist, even an artist of the greatest intensity and widest range. But one learns, in reading this quite exceptional book, to allow for the steady pressure of Mr. Peterkiewicz's interest in mystical experience, and to adjust the compass a few degrees accordingly. It hardly matters, because the luminous, concentrated atmosphere of his argument causes one to see everything in a slightly different perspective anyway.

Mr. Peterkiewicz is interested in the poet at the point of crisis, the moment when he becomes dissatisfied with poetry. On his very first page, after instancing Rimbaud and St. John of the Cross (the first of whom was stopped short by this crisis, while the second managed to struggle through it), he goes so far as to say that the "profound dissatisfaction with poetry", perceptible in these poets, "seems to be inherent in the best of poetry." That "seems", which indicates a willingness to admit doubt, pretty soon becomes "is", and we learn to recognise in Mr. Peterkiewicz one of those imaginative writers to whom the mystical life is very real, whose inward gaze is fixed on

> *A certain marvellous thing*
> *None but the living mock.*

Of course we often meet with this predisposition among artists, and not necessarily those whose *persona* is most spiritual and otherworldly; Roy Campbell was a man of action and a soldier, yet his widow has put it on record that "his first great enthusiasm was for Rimbaud and his last for St. John of the Cross." These two writers, naturally, are central to Mr. Peterkiewicz's book. Other poets come in more or less incidentally, and sometimes with the air of being in unexpected company. (Hopkins, for instance, doesn't really fit in next to his contemporary Norwid, though he can be made to appear to do so.)

Mr. Peterkiewicz's book cannot be said to have a "thesis", but it has a hub round which the various meditations revolve, and the hub is this. Poets drive towards truth in the chariot of language. But sooner or later the horses drop dead or a wheel comes off, and they have to get down and walk. For most of them, this is the end of their dream of arriving at the truth; but in one or two cases the poet manages to get as far as an ideal sanctuary in which truth is perceived so directly that it hardly matters any longer whether he speaks or remains silent, because those of us who have not made this journey will hardly understand him in any case. St. John of the Cross is the hero of the book, because his poetry records a state of joyful reconciliation in which negatives become positives: having cast off all earthly attachments, the saint achieves an even more intense and consuming form of love, the love of the pure spirit of God which lies beyond all material experiences and is their foundation.

PERSONALLY, BEING CLOSED in "the muddy vesture of decay", I find all this part of Mr. Peterkiewicz's book unconvincing. But that is because all my most profound experiences, from making love to watching a sunset, have come to me through the medium of concrete, measurable realities. (I don't say that the experiences themselves have been concrete and measurable; I say that the medium was.) All those high ecstatic states which are to be experienced in the stratosphere, above the perception of physical reality, are unknown to me and I suppose always will be unknown, which is why even a minor earth-inhabiting poet means more to me than a high mystical poet; when the chips are down, I would rather read Herrick than St. John of the Cross, though I can see he is nothing like so important. To

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Mr. Peterkiewicz, it is St. John first, the rest nowhere; he is the only finisher, because when poetry failed him and silence closed in, he was able to go on and make poetry out of the transcendent paradox of total indifference towards the world in which poetry is rooted. In Mr. Peterkiewicz's terms, his poetry comes to us from "the other side of silence." But even as he describes this miracle. Mr. Peterkiewicz seems half unable to believe that it really happened. Contemplating the prose treatises which St. John provided as commentaries on his mystical poems, he writes:

> One wonders how much his systematic interpretations detach the poems from the aura of the other side, while they succeed in making them clear to us on this side. Was St. John dissatisfied with poetry? The way in which his prose developed from three lyrical records of ecstasy seems to imply that. A poet's intelligence is present in his mystical tracts but it is well harnessed to pure discourse.

Even St. John, it seems, has to be shown as "dissatisfied with poetry", the real reason being that Mr. Peterkiewicz has made up his mind in advance that all the best poets are. Similarly Boris Pasternak, who wrote a marvellous novel after a lifetime of writing lyric poetry, has to be shown as belonging "to our self-conscious age which has, after all, succeeded in diminishing the status of the poet." *Dr Zhivago* is called "a burial ground of poetry"; no evidence is given for this extraordinary statement, except a few disjointed remarks that Pasternak made to some woman who pestered him for an interview. ("I believe that it is no longer possible for lyric poetry to express the immensity of our experience. Life has grown too cumbersome, too complicated.") Against that stands the entire weight of the novel itself, with its poet-hero, its frequent meditations on poetry, its use of poetic rather than novelistic methods, and its offering of Zhivago's lyrics as the crown of the whole experience. Mr. Peterkiewicz feels all this, and puts his hesitations into the question, "How sure was he, in fact, about sacrificing poetry for prose?" But he leaves it as a question. The result is to convey the impression, to a hasty reader, that Pasternak's testimony of faith in poetry was in fact an expression of doubt.

So I could cavil on. What makes the book fascinating to me, in spite of its bias, is precisely the wide gulf between Mr. Peterkiewicz's pre-assumptions and mine. All of us who are interested in a subject need an occasional reminder that it isn't only *our* approach that brings out the interest and significance of that subject. Mr. Peterkiewicz manages to convince me over again of the importance of poetry in the human scheme of things, although—or perhaps because—his approach is overwhelmingly negative. In chapter after chapter, he catalogues the reasons why it is all too easy for a poet to fail, to be overtaken by silence and darkness. Chapter IV, "Language as Experience", is a good case in point. Many poets feel that there is a wisdom inherent in language itself and that by an intuitive and supple use of the language they can release this wisdom to play its part in the world. Metaphorical language, in particular, is often felt to be not so much invention as the discovery of real correspondences, the uncovering of a system of relatedness that is actually, objectively there in the nature of things. Mr. Peterkiewicz rejects this in the name of Time. Since any original metaphor signalises an intense moment of perception, the almost blinding flash when we perceive a correspondence, it holds good for that moment only. Quoting with approval Wallace Stevens' remark that "Accuracy of observation is the equivalent of accuracy of thinking", he goes on severely—

> This undoubtedly brings the poet's metaphoric vision near to that of the scientist who sees beyond the accepted cliché of colour and shape. If so, metaphor must imply renewed discovery and otherwise hardly be expected, on its own, to prolong the life of some static monument, any more than language alone can be *aere perennius*.

Therefore:

> Once metaphor is understood to be the experience of an intense moment or the instantaneous contact of two images, its survival value will depend on the extent to which it can be catalogued, attached to a period or a stylistic convention.

In other words, all poetic flesh is grass. Once again we come back to the theme that poetry doesn't last, withers away, changes, wobbles, vanishes. Mr. Peterkiewicz views bleakly any theory of poetry-as-discovery because what is discovered immediately starts to recede in time, so that the job has to be done again, perpetually.

THE EFFECT OF THIS KIND of argument is, in the end, tonic. It gives one an increased sense of the difficulty of poetry, the discipline and concentration and sheer *luck* that one needs to write good poems. Even if Mr. Peterkiewicz is perpetually treading on the very verge of his own argument, so that one expects to turn the page and find the conclusive argument, stated at last, that will prove poetry to be impossible, that in itself is stimulating; it provokes a spirit

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of revolt in which one cries out that poetry *is* alive, that time-bound human beings *can* produce art which is time-bound like themselves and is nevertheless valid.

But the chief service performed by Mr. Peterkiewicz's sombre book is without doubt his insistence on poetry as a spiritual discipline. At present, we are going through a flabby, soggy period of instant poetry; the concentration and intensity of art are discarded altogether in favour of a genial incontinence. The poet is seen more and more as a person who appears in public and strikes attitudes. As rhetoric disappears from political life (politicians would lose votes nowadays if they made speeches instead of chatting cosily on television) it seems to be making a backstairs re-entry via the "poetry reading." Certainly the turns that go down best at the average poetry reading are less like poetry than like the kind of speeches politicians used to make at the hustings fifty years ago, plus a larding of obscenities to make them "modern."

In social terms, this kind of poetry is worth a diagnostic glance. At the very least, it provides a useful illustration of the axiom that, while a certain thing may be beneficial, a further degree of the same thing may be harmful. (In some areas this is accepted without argument. Nobody thinks that if one aspirin does you good, fifty will do you fifty times as much good.) Here, the beneficial thing that has gone wrong is simplicity. Twenty years ago, what poetry needed most was an injection of straightforwardness. It was rare, at that time, to read a new poem which could have been recited to an audience with any hope that they would pick up its meaning. The key to "success" in the little-magazine world of that time was to pile on the obscurities. If the editor couldn't make head or tail of your poem, he would probably print it, on the grounds that if it was "difficult" it was probably a genuine poem. Or, at any rate, near enough to pass for one.

The impulse towards openness of texture, which came in during the 1950s, was necessary and liberating. But like most impulses it was carried beyond the point of usefulness. Now, one longs to meet with a new poem that would have to be taken away into a corner and read slowly and carefully. The bandwagoners, often the very same people who were carefully turning out clotted little poems when that was the vogue, have now carried the cult of accessibility of the point where they encourage only banality. Recently I read somewhere about a squabble between a poet and a reviewer. The reviewer had treated the poet harshly and the poet resented it. "Ah", said the reviewer with the air of a man proving himself right, "let him take his poems and see if they would hold an audience of young people in Liverpool." Literary history is full of meaningless directives applied by self-important little critics: *observe the unities! keep out vulgar language! demonstrate sensibility! demonstrate social consciousness! use poetic cadences! use prose cadences!* But I doubt if there has ever been a more fatuous directive than this one. I have no hostility to young people in Liverpool, or anywhere else, but it remains a fact that many of the poems I value most would not, now or in their own day, have held an audience of young people in Liverpool.

IN SHORT, the usual thing has happened. A movement which promised liberation has gone too far; it has not only broken the bars off the windows and unlocked the door, it has taken the roof off the building as well, and made it uninhabitable. This is a pity, because the new impulse towards a popular poetry is itself something to be welcomed. Those of us who grew up in the age of Eliot had long given up hope of seeing any such thing. All Eliot's theories about poetry started from the assumption, which he in turn had inherited from the generation before, that a nation's taste in poetry is dictated by a small, highly cultivated minority, whose attitudes are handed down, in an increasingly blurred form, to ever-widening circles below them. So that what Bloomsbury, or the current equivalent of Bloomsbury, thinks good poetry today, the provinces will have ladled down their throats tomorrow. What we have seen in the last ten years is the complete reversal of this. *Via* the folk-protest singers, *via* the star-building media, *via* the poetry-reading that turns into a demonstration and the demonstration that turns into a poetry-reading, *via* the quasi-political building-up of figures like Yevtushenko, what we have seen is a movement *upwards,* in which the popular taste has imposed itself on the metropolitan literary couturiers. By about 1965, the present-day reincarnations of Bloomsbury were quick-witted enough to perceive that they could best serve their own interests by acceding to popular taste rather than trying to lead it. Hence the sudden outbreak of know-nothing populism, the genuflecting to "young people in Liverpool", *und so weiter.* The trouble with the popular arts has always been their vulnerability to exploitation.

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MEANWHILE, THERE ARE some things to be grateful for. The mere fact that poetry, of whatever standard, is nowadays a popular art and that the young are sympathetic to it, is refreshing. Arnold Bennett remarked that in England the word "poetry" would disperse a crowd faster than a firehose; if this is no longer true, there is always the chance that some really good poetry might sneak in, as it were, and make its impact among all the *Ersatz*. Another refreshing development is the present-day interest in the long poem.

Poe's directive about the impossibility of the long poem was accepted without demur by modern poets. Yet it has always been more honoured in the breach than the observance. While paying lip-service to the idea that poetry must be so concentrated as to be unbearable in anything but very small doses, poets have in fact continued to write at length. The immensely long narrative poem of the nineteenth century did indeed pass away, but even those poets who most fully accepted modern poetic theories did not feel it essential to confine themselves within twenty or thirty lines. Eliot's *Four Quartets* are not exactly short poems; Wallace Stevens wrote long poems all the way through his career, from "The Comedian as the Letter C" (between 1914 and 1922) to "Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction" (written by 1947). Auden, too, was fond of long poems from the beginning; it is only with advancing years that he has become short-winded. Add to this the fact that a reaction against the tight verbal discipline of so much modern poetry was well in motion at least thirty years ago (*cf.* the deliberate casualness and huge output of Brecht), and we can see that the short, concentrated poem never ousted the long poem as markedly as Poe would have expected.

This gives us a clue to the continuous interest shown by other poets in Ezra Pound's *Cantos*. Pound began work on the *Cantos* in 1915, and was still publishing chunks of them as late as 1965. This means that he has been engaged on them for fifty years, or almost three times as long as it took Shakespeare to write his complete works. That half-century has seen many critical attitudes to the *Cantos* come and go. In 1915 Pound was the propagandist and instigator *par excellence*, the man who had set himself to modernise English and American poetry, single-handed if he had to. Ten years later, his reputation was eclipsed by Eliot's, and remained in that eclipse for twenty years. Now, it has emerged again; Eliot is neglected by the young, while an actual majority of younger poets, especially in America, would acknowledge a debt to the *Cantos*. Some of this can be discounted; outsiderdom is in vogue once more, which means that Pound's public image is attractive and Eliot's is most emphatically not. There are also literary reasons, however.

The mechanised intricacy of the modern world has bred a great desire for simplicity and spontaneity. This much is obvious. What is not quite so obvious is that it has also bred a desire for the inchoate. The things we have to deal with from morning till night, from motor-cars to television sets, from skyscrapers to business corporations, are all so *finished*, so remorselessly contrived and carried out to the last detail, that we begin to long for something that is fragmentary and suggestive, something that we can complete for ourselves. Beyond all question, what has made the *Cantos* so attractive in the last half-century is their stop-and-start, jotting quality. The great lyrical and rhetorical passages are appreciated, too, when they occur; but the central pull of the *Cantos* lies elsewhere. We can see this clearly enough if we turn to those long American poems that most obviously derive from the *Cantos*, notably Williams's *Paterson* and Charles Olson's *Maximus Poems*. Neither Williams nor Olson had Pound's gift for taking wing and soaring; their poems remain dogged assemblages of concrete exhibits, interspersed with sermonising; but this has not prevented their being taken as seriously, and discussed in the same terms, as the *Cantos*. Obviously people find this kind of notebook-writing very attractive. It ministers to a deep need. In view of the notorious obscurity of long passages of the *Cantos* it may sound odd to say that this need is a need for simplicity; yet, if we dismantle an intricate machine and scatter the parts about on a bench, the result is "simple" compared with the complex system of interacting parts which is the same machine in working order.[4] The *Cantos* offer us the materials for a history of civilisation and a critique of its institutions;

[4] *Cf.* Donald Davie on "The Black Mountain Poets", in *The Survival of Poetry* (p. 219): " . . . they are not interested in making their poems self-sufficient, sailing free like so many rockets from the learning that was accumulated only as it were to assist take-off; on the contrary the poems depend on the learning, they emerge from it only to burrow back into it again, the poems depend upon—and are themselves *part of*—the lifelong addiction of the poet to the business of educating himself, *i.e.* the business of understanding the world that he and we are living in."

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Pound tells us, of course, exactly what we are to think about everything he brings before us, but we do not necessarily have to accept his directives; in practice, we tend to treat the poem as a living chaos of ideas and information out of which we can make our own world-system.

ONE SEES THIS SAME IMPULSE towards simplicity and spontaneity, towards an art which the reader can participate in and complete, in the rather yearning attitude of younger Western *literati* towards Third World poets. Industrialism has done so much harm to the human spirit that it is not surprising to find a special regard being paid to those poets who come from societies that have never been fully industrialised, where people are still close to their physical surroundings and their basic work has not been taken over by the machine. In an interview with Pablo Neruda in 1966, the American poet and editor Robert Bly went straight to the point in his first question:

> —A great river of images has flowed into your poetry, as well as into the poetry of Lorca, Aleixandre, Vallejo, and Hernández—an outpouring of poetry from the very roots of poetry. Why has the greatest poetry in the twentieth century appeared in the Spanish language?

Neruda replied modestly, willing to making a generous response while at the same time scaling down the large claim to more manageable proportions. But what I find interesting for our present purposes is Mr. Bly's claim and the terms in which he couched it. Notice the imagery from nature rather than art—"a great river of images", "an outpouring of poetry from the very roots." Mr. Bly thinks of Latin Americans and Spaniards as Wordsworth thought of his dalesmen. They are the uncorrupted, who still have natural and spontaneous feelings and a language able to express them. Within our present world context, Mr. Bly and people who think like him are probably right, as Wordsworth was probably right. Neruda's work, like that of Octavio Paz, does have a large, hospitable directness that seems able to absorb the untreated material of everyday existence and show it in the colours of the imagination. In this respect Neruda's *Canto General* is significantly different from Pound's *Cantos*. Pound gives us a series of high spots. He picks out key places, key times, key persons in the history of civilisation. Neruda is also writing about a whole civilisation, but he seems able to let it simply flow through him. There is far more room in his poems than in Pound's for the animals and plants that travel through time as fellow-passengers with man. Since *Canto General*, Neruda has simplified his style and produced a long series of *Odas Elementales*, odes to simpler things. These poems are offered by Neruda as a tribute to "ordinary people", the straightforward and simple humanity beloved of Communist theorising.

One wonders, in fact, what such readers make of them, if they read them at all. A simplification on this massive scale is only possible to a subtle and sophisticated mind, and probably only at the end of its career, after a long exploration of the possibilities of rhetoric and ornament. The bedrock simplicities of a poem like Neruda's "Ode to Salt", for instance, would be entirely beyond the range of a young, inexperienced poet who decided to write very simply of simple things. In his case, the result would be merely insipid. It is because Neruda is a strong and seasoned poet that he can get down to this effective level of simplicity. The parallel, among poets writing in England, would be that utterly unadorned language which Eliot found for some of the most luminous passages in the *Four Quartets*, or the poems that resulted from Yeats' discovery that

> *there's more enterprise*
> *In walking naked.*

IN GUNTER GRASS'S new novel, *Local Anaesthetic*, the hero pays a long series of visits to his dentist. The dentist has a television set in his surgery to take the patients' minds off what is happening to them. The man watches the television screen and also engages in political debate with the dentist. Sometimes the television set is switched on, sometimes it is not, but the images that come from the studio and the images that the man's own imagination projects on to the blank screen are equally dream-like and equally compelling. Often, for instance, he sees his ex-fiancée, an attractive girl who left him in a humiliating manner. Sometimes he sees her presenting commercials, and sometimes lying wrapped in cellophane at the bottom of an enormous refrigerator.

The man who is having his teeth cared for is a teacher. One of his students, a generously idealistic lad, is so horrified by the use of napalm by U.S. forces in Viet Nam that he plans, as a protest, to take his pet dachshund on to a fashionable Berlin street, take up a position in full view of a smart café, and there, at the hour of coffee and cream-cakes, souse the animal in petrol and set him alight. The

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teacher tries to prevent this horrible action. At the same time he is plagued by visions of his own adolescence, when, in the last stages of the war, he roamed the streets as one of a pack of delinquents, committed to the sabotage of the entire grown-up world. Superimposed on all this are the fantasies of his fiancée's father, a retired general just released from years of internment in Russia, who is refighting the major battles of the war with scale models in a sandpit, and this time winning them.

I pick out *Local Anaesthetic* for mention because it is worth reading by anyone who still thinks there is a dividing-line between "the novel" and "poetry." It adds up to a very powerful and remarkable picture of one man's mental landscape, and not just any man chosen at random but the characteristic sensitive and intellectual inhabitant of West Germany. All the social realities and the uncomfortable historical legacies are *there*; on the other hand, the continual switching into and out of fantasy, and the pivoting of the story on enormous symbols, take it right out of the domain of that kind of documentary or social-realist novel that would have been, twenty years ago, the natural way of dealing with this kind of subject. Towards the end of the book, there is a passage in which the hero seems to be recollecting the experience of helping his student to set fire to the dog, and being attacked by the crowd, dragged away by the police, thrown into a cell, etc., etc., but there is no indication of any kind whether these things have actually happened or whether he is daydreaming. This, like the T.V. commercials presented by his ex-fiancée, is simply an example of the kind of thing that, whether it takes place or not, fits naturally into the mental, moral and emotional atmosphere the hero is living in, and which is the real subject of the book.

The dachshund blazing to death in front of the cake-eating ladies, the unattainable girl lying wrapped in cellophane in the deep freeze —these are metaphors, and the ability to communicate primarily in metaphor has generally been thought of as a mark of the poetic mind. Aristotle thought it the special distinguishing mark of the poet that he could create original metaphors, which presumably means that Aristotle would have classed *Local Anaesthetic* as a poem. This kind of writing has put our literary culture into a situation whose full implications have not, I think, been so far taken up by critics. When Frank Kermode, for instance, says that "in our phase of civility, the novel is the central form of literary art", he seems, for all his polyhistoric scepticism, to be seeing a solid outline of "the novel" where a practitioner is hard put to it to see anything but a luminous blur.

OR, TO PUT IT another way: now that poets seem finally to have abandoned rhyme and metre, pinning their faith in the strength and purity of their images and metaphors ("a great river of images has flowed", etc., etc.), isn't the whole notion of "poetry", as we have come to know it since the Renaissance, nothing more than a sacrificial lamb waiting for the chopper? If the traditional subject-matter of the novel has been taken over by sociology and reporting, so that the imaginative novelist is forced to make his statements by means of poetic metaphor—that is to say, metaphor no longer hidden under the stucco of "realism"—how should the poet continue to mark himself off from the imaginative prose-writer? And why should he try to?

Unless, of course, we are moving into an era in which the difference between poetry and fiction will simply be that poetry is oral, that it is disseminated by means of "poetry-readings" where its main task will be to "hold an audience of young people in Liverpool"; in which case, after a history of thousands of years, I predict for it a future no longer than the future of the Beatles.

Salute, then, to the makers. And let the ranks be closed.

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Geoffrey Grigson

Two Poems

Between Rocks

I saw her in hospital dying, then dead, face
velvet and green, a slight twist to her chin,
by a common metaphor you might say
immature fruit, shrivelled, green.

Lack of continuance, no, is not what I mean, not
autumnal full volume distending a suntinted skin,
which falls, so that ants and drunk wasps
at last bite their way in.

She was her young limbs between
two rocks, by a lake, bracken her bed—
that is my meaning—before she soon
began dying, and was then dead.

Raw Ream: Remembering, now dead, a Teacher

I speak of times before high whining of cars or round
growling of planes, when silence was fashioned by noises:
it is a pool in our hollow of pines looped by the sun
which makes them the colour of foxes, is defined
lightly by crows passing over, by
a huckling of hens relieved of their eggs,
by women calling to women, is broken, so
made by clangs, or by regular bells now and then.

Carrying white eggs for payment
I walk to you over the green
to learn reading, hearing this
sunshine of silence. Minnie, I say, these eggs
are my money. You laugh, take the eggs
(which you will give back to my mother),
skin ream off a pan, spread for me honey
on bread, yellow raw ream over honey.

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Personality of E. M. Forster

By P. N. Furbank

I AM NOT SURE it is the time to talk about E. M. Forster. It is too late to speak of the living man and too soon to summon up his ghost. For the moment he lies out of reach and won't give up his secret. And he had a secret—it's not just sentimental to say it: nothing so spectacular as "voices", but he knew how to live in daily touch with his own depths. This set him apart, so that it was no mistake for people to have reverenced him—as they did and do. He was a rare creature, contrived of the strangest materials.

A rare creature, but a problem to his biographer. Reverence is a luxury a biographer cannot afford. And then, how to make a narrative of the life of a man for whom time stood still? Also, a smaller matter, there's the difficulty that no one ever described Forster as a young man. People record their impressions of a contemporary because he is famous or because he impinged on them personally; and Forster did not impinge—he was inconspicuous, sometimes to the point of vanishing. Moreover, for most of his life, no one could remember a word he said in conversation. So—till he becomes famous—we have to depend largely on his own account of himself. Still, his contemporaries seem to have agreed he was exactly the same at twenty as he was at ninety, so perhaps the problem is not so grave. One can work backwards from what one knows, and I shall do so here. Where shall I begin? As good a place as any would be his attitude to friends, for it was central to him, and in some ways very odd and original, and it leads naturally on to all the other questions.

Forster gave endless time and attention to his friends. He also gave them total loyalty; he never casually dropped people, as most of us do, out of mere forgetfulness or through change of circumstances. Though he sometimes dropped them, with perfect deliberateness, if they offended him in some vital way; and then he was implacable. It was another principle of his never to listen to apologies or explanations; and when he had made up his mind against anyone, fairly or unfairly, he was most unlikely to change it.[1]

Otherwise, if someone became a friend of his, that was that; he continued to be so for life; it was merely a matter of which grade or circle in his system of friendships he should be assigned to (and over the years he might from time to time gravitate or be shifted from one to another). The habit of keeping his friends steadily in mind was basic to Forster. For one thing, he always looked for permanencies in life. He never placed his hopes in the future or wanted to leave bits of his past behind, as people with his degree of ambition mostly do; though since he lived fully in the moment, making a definite event of the most casual meal or conversation or journey, he did not grow stale. More importantly, he regarded people and affections as the sole reality, and keeping them in mind was tantamount to living itself. That this reality was perishable too, in the perspective of eternity, he regarded as the ultimate principle of existence, beyond which there was no looking.

On the other hand, he never "gave" himself fully to friends. To begin with, he never liked being laughed at. It would be wrong to say he couldn't bear it; he swallowed it for friendship's sake, if he had to, but it was no part at all of his idea of the pleasures of friendship, and he winced or bristled so visibly under teasing that people usually didn't try it twice. Equally, he was no good at quarrels. That is to say, they always assumed giant pro-

E. M. FORSTER *died in Cambridge on 8 June, 1970, at the age of 91.*

[1] Politically, too, he was never much interested in justice; though perhaps in this case he thought there were enough people already looking after it.

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portions for him; he nerved himself up to a quarrel with immense effort, and he remembered it for months or years afterwards, writing thousands of words about it in letters or keeping a *dossier* on it. He had curious ways of describing a quarrel. If he were not involved personally, he spoke as though he were—"So *we* were in trouble. . ."; and if he were involved, he would put the whole thing between inverted commas—"I have been *insulted!*", he might say, as if he only just thought of the name for what had taken place. He could not conceive of enjoying quarrels or of their being a natural part of a relationship, and when his married friends quarrelled he was quite sure their marriage must be breaking up.

Again, though he took his friends' troubles to heart more than the average person (and sometimes more than they deserved) and was forever listening to confessions, with a beautiful attentiveness and sympathy, he set definite limits to the bearing of others' burdens. "My aim in life," he once wrote to a friend, "is to be as sensitive as I can up to a point. When that point is passed one bursts or dies, so a secondary aim is introduced: not to pass it, and every now and then to repaint and mend the sorry fabric of one's armour." He was very much against the Christian doctrine of vicarious suffering and had a whole repertoire of self-protective devices. One of them, in times of stress, was to cultivate erotic thoughts.

For all the duties and responsibilities he imposed on himself, there was something self-pleasing in his approach to people. It came out particularly plainly in his sex life. He achieved physical sex very late and found it easier with people outside his own social class, and it remained a kind of private magic for him—an almost unattainable blessing, for which another person was mainly a pretext. He valued sex for its power to release his own capacities for tenderness and devotion, but he never expected an *equal* sexual relationship. His chief feeling towards anyone who let him make love to them was gratitude. Intense gratitude led him to romanticise them, at least with one part of his mind, and by romanticising them he managed to keep them at a distance. He was infinitely attentive and thoughtful and exacting. always determined to keep his lover "up to the mark"—not be slack or idle, write proper letters and so on—but he never showed any wish to set up house with him. One can't picture him doing it. He could imagine two lovers living together in the "greenwood" but hardly in a flat in Kensington or a house in Potter's Bar. Of course he knew many homosexual ménages and found them perfectly congenial, but it never crossed his mind to be part of one. But then, it would be wrong to put this down just to temperament. He quite seriously, and on fully thought-out grounds, distrusted marriage as an institution and fretted at having to write "marriage-fiction." He suspected marriage might produce more harm than good; he was sure, at least, that there were finer possibilities outside it.

I WAS PUZZLED by the list of virtues Joe Ackerley attributed to him in his posthumous obituary in the *Observer* (14 June 1970). The article is one of the best evocations of Forster there has been; but the list itself doesn't seem right. "I would say" says Ackerley,

> that in so far as it is possible for any human being to be both wise and worldly wise, to be selfless in any material sense, to have no envy, jealousy, vanity, conceit, to contain no malice, no hatred (though he had anger), to be always reliable, considerate, generous, never cheap, Morgan came as close to that as can be got.

It says a lot that he could evoke such wholesale and loving admiration from a close friend. Still, I don't think Forster was without vanity; he had a considerable share of it, as almost all authors have. He thought highly of his own work, though he saw its limitations clearly enough, and had a strong sense of his position. He thought respect was due to it and was very quick to resent slights, and not at all inclined to pass them over, though he didn't make scenes, and showed annoyance in quiet and barbed ways. Certainly he often acted "humbly" from a social point of view. He was inclined to search out the shyest or most commonplace person at a party (just as he would attend politely, as if hearing it for the first time, when total strangers explained what was wrong with the plot of *The Longest Journey*). This was genuinely kind and delicate behaviour (though he was quite capable, too, of doing it to shame his host or hostess); also he *liked* "boring" people and frequently made lifelong friendships with them. Still he was perfectly conscious of the effect he was making and the part his fame was playing in it. Humility hardly comes in.

Nor do I feel that lack of vanity was quite the key to his dowdy appearance—his way of moving through life, as William Plomer puts it, looking like the man who comes to

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wind the clocks. After all, he was dandy enough in his prose-style; as well as being a flexible artistic instrument, it was a very smart costume, the prose of a man who took great pains with his appearance. It is true he was always defeatist about his looks. In his boyhood he played up, in a precocious, only-son manner, to family jokes about his "beauty" and the injury it suffered from sores and sticking-plaster; and he went on making the same kind of joke to himself. He was sure he was physically unattractive, just as he knew, or found out, that in the way of friendship he could attract anyone he really wanted to. Thus he came to terms with his situation very satisfactorily; it was part of a larger decision to be content with a dowdy and suburban way of existence. Still, I imagine that somewhere self-punishment entered in. Men of homosexual temperament often have a strong urge for personal display, they would like to be peacocks and attract all eyes; and if their upbringing forbids it (such a puritan middle-class upbringing as Forster's or Samuel Butler's) they react by making the worst of themselves.

AGAIN, TO RETURN TO Joe Ackerley's list, Forster was perfectly capable of jealousy. His life being arranged as it was, occasions for jealousy did not often arise; but when they did, he suffered and fought in a very normal, and not especially saint-like, way.

Which makes it all the more striking that he was, as Ackerley says, completely without envy. So far as I can tell, he never once experienced the emotion. The nearest he came to it was after the success of *Howards End*. By a characteristic trick of psychology, as soon as he had experienced success he began to be sure there must be failure in store for him, and started asking himself what would happen when his reputation sank and others overtook him. Would he begin to envy his rivals? In a way, the test actually presented itself; by the end of the war he was relatively a forgotten figure—certainly not a household name like Galsworthy or even Lawrence. And although he was depressed at his sterility and worried about how he was going to live, envy never once entered his thoughts. If one were urging his claims to sainthood (my own ideas about saints are too vague), this would be a weighty argument.

Another would be his generosity, as Ackerley rightly mentioned. Throughout his life he had one clear idea about money, that it was an opportunity to perform acts of loving-kindness.

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His mother also had a very strong sense of duty about money. Forster took over her attitude, raising it from the level of duty to a more imaginative benevolence. Even in early youth he was perpetually giving money to his family and to friends; half his quite small earnings from his early writings went on sending friends on foreign holidays or getting cousins out of scrapes. I suppose hardly anyone in his intimacy did not receive, at some time or other, the well-timed gift of a large sum of money. And one must remember that, until the 1940s, he was by no means a rich man, hardly even comfortably off. During World War I, while he was in Alexandria, he urged his mother to sell his typewriter to help her pay for a cure; and even in the 1930s he was quite worried by the cost of the train-fare to Wiltshire. He thought a great deal about money and worked out his own theory of giving. One should give large sums; large gifts did not create embarrassment as small ones did—people regarded them as an act of God. Loans were a different matter; they could be very small—and if he lent someone ten shillings and it was not returned by Thursday, as stipulated, he was very quick to ask the reason why.

SO MUCH FOR his virtues. As for his other traits, I think the most characteristic was his passion for moralising. He was moralising busily when he was twenty; and he continued, without intermission, for the next seventy years. He plainly regarded it as the business of life; one was on earth to improve oneself and to improve others, and the path to this was moral generalisations. A landscape, personal crises or the sorrows of others, books, paintings, incidents at the tea-table or international disasters, were, for him, all occasions for drawing a moral. Had he been born a contemporary of George Eliot, this might have passed without notice; but in his own age it sets him apart as an English writer—more so than any oddity of upbringing, like being a miner's son or a Polish sea-captain. It was a dominating influence on his writing. The technical originality of his novels lies in his being more Victorian than ever George Eliot or Thackeray were, more godlike in manipulating his characters and telling us what to think of them; or rather it lies in his working his godlike intrusions more inextricably into his fictional fabric. In a recent BBC radio discussion K. W. Gransden complained, and rightly, that Forster sometimes didn't trust the reader enough and commented where comment was unnecessary. But

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the point seems incidental. For one unnecessary intrusion, there are ten which are necessary and intrinsic. So much does his method depend on them, one forgets to notice them and is only reminded by the queer and spectral thinness of stage-versions of his novels. Moreover the habit grew on him; his commenting presence is more dominating in *A Passage to India* than ever before. He found moralising a device of endless potentiality; there was room for his whole genius in it.

I think he may have taken over this moralising habit from his mother. Carlylean denunciation, moral heroics, earnest evangelical exhortation are perhaps more of a male *forte;* but a habit of putting people right, in season and out, and of giving them the benefit of a general stock of moral knowledge, came to no one more naturally than a Victorian matron. Forster remade his inheritance, if that is what it was; he did not lay down the law like a trumpeting dowager or bossy governess. He was much more various and elusive, by turns gruff and scout-masterly, grave and prophetic and feline and flickering in a mercurial and "camp" manner. The combination was disconcerting but all of a piece. Unlike so many homosexuals, he suffered very little from internal conflicts, and such female characteristics as he adopted were pure strength to him.

His moralising made him formidable, though. One felt his eye on one, like any unwary child or servant. Joe Ackerley has described his unnerving manner of listening, with an attention which seemed to go far beyond the words that were said. His sureness attracted people who were unsure of themselves; but they did not find him an easy companion. They got a great deal out of him, as he did of them; for many, he touched a personal chord no one else had ever sounded, and they were proportionately devoted to him. Still, if you *were* unsure of yourself, there were plenty of snubs to swallow. Though not at all a copious conversationalist, no one ever *managed* conversations more inexorably, and people in his company were always finding words freeze on their lips. And in fact, though he had endless and fruitful experience of shy people, he did not particularly value shyness. Actually, what he liked best, if given the choice, was robust, unfidgety people, at ease in their bodies, people who could cut through his own cobwebs and express affection—as he could not—in a free and demonstrative way. If he trusted people, they could not display affection too lavishly for him.

A GOOD WAY of visualising Forster, I find, is to imagine him when introduced to a dog or cat. I never witnessed this, but can picture him putting himself on a level with the animal, approaching it tolerantly but non-committally. It *might* be a nice animal, but then again it might not; it was a mistake to have preconceptions about such matters; and at all events it didn't matter *much* what character an animal had—but it mattered a little. That would be his tone, I think; and he would shoot glances at the animal, in the intervals of conversation, examining it from queer angles, till he had made up his mind about it.

This was rather the way he behaved as a critic. From many points of view he was a superb literary critic. He felt this himself, and had a pert way of exclaiming how acute he was, and what an easy business criticism turned out to be. His letters of literary advice to friends are admirable. No one was better, as they acknowledged, at sensing their intentions or putting his finger on the spot where things went wrong. As a critic he *looked*, he scrutinised the object as if nothing else like it had ever existed, and he emerged with a brand new, freshly-minted formula, fitting not only the work in question but, potentially, a whole new class of works. His published criticism has the same virtues; many of his judgments in *Aspects of the Novel* seem dated now, but his formulae are as lively as ever.

However, there was a price to pay for this *ad hoc* approach to criticism. He was so distrustful of system in all matters of art, as in matters of the heart and conduct, that he could not enter into the frame of mind of artists to whom system mattered. He could never get his mind round Henry James, for instance, though he thought about him, off and on, all his life. He would write James off as a futile cobweb-spinner; then he would pick up a new novel of his and be astonished at its marvellous power and solidity. The thing seemed a great mystery to him; it never occurred to him that James night have wanted to do one thing in one novel and another in another—that there was a system and larger artistic plan in his literary career. During the Second World War he took it into his head to make an analysis of Beethoven's piano sonatas. As literature it is very attractive and full of fresh inspirations and *aperçus;* but as music criticism, so far as I can judge, it is a semi-failure (a musical friend of mine thought the same). He feels his way too empirically from incident to incident in the music, acclaiming this and puzzling over that; he pushes,

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picking and choosing beyond its natural scope.

I mention his limitations as a critic because they help to define his virtues, which were also his virtues as a thinker and writer in general. His mind was a vast breeding-ground for discriminations. He endlessly picked and chose and could distinguish between two blades of grass. No one ever made such restrictive remarks. I can hear them so vividly: "So-and-so, with an intelligent face, fairly"; or, "I am devoted to so-and-so's son, slightly." I remember him once chatting with Lord Beveridge in his club. "What a charmer!" he said afterwards—then, considering his words more carefully, "What an ill-informed distinguished old man." Again, both as a critic and a creator, he was a master of *angle*. As all his friends remarked, nobody came at things from queerer angles. It was not whimsicality; it arose from his seeing things more concretely than other people. (It shows his respect for the concreteness of the world that he always realised his metaphors. Describing himself as having, like a rat, deserted the ship of fiction, he continues "and *swam* towards biography.") He planted himself firmly in the world and took sighting from where he stood; there was this that one could see and that which was concealed by the lie of the land. Of course, one could change one's viewpoint. . . . His great strength as a novelist was his sense for the angles at which people stood to one another and to the universe surrounding them and the constant dance of changing angles from which he makes us view them. For him, the art of fiction, like the art of life, lay in finding one's bearings. "One must face facts", a friend once said to him. "How can I," he replied, "when they're all around me?"

THIS LEADS ME to what you might call his "secret" and his deepest originality; I mean his feeling for life. His knowledge of society was not particularly remarkable; what was superior to him was his knowledge of the possibilities of life. It seemed he could see through to life; it was not a vague generality to him but a palpable presence, and he could hear its wingbeat. I remember him once describing some friends of his and their fondness, when they were children, for an older companion who was not quite right in the head. He spoke of it in a delighted tone, which I find hard to interpret; but it seemed to convey that this was what life was made up of. Everything was there, if one took the trouble to look for it. There was no need, and it would be wrong, to ask oneself if this

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was a small incident or a large one, or to place it in any category or system at all. The whole of life was present in it, and there was nothing beyond. I remember another even tinier incident. We were sharing a hotel bedroom, and as he undressed the coins dropped out of his pocket. He said, in a tone of mock-superstitious resignation, "When they begin to sing, it's all up with them." There was the same joyful note in his voice. It was oddly ghostly and impressive, as if he truly had some private insight into the workings of providence.

International Commentary

An Interview with Raymond Aron

IT'S A FAIRLY NEW idea, but it seems to go deep—people nowadays want something more than "a standard of living." They're talking about "the quality of life", which doesn't necessarily mean "the simple life."

ARON: I'm afraid, all the same, that the two ideas come to the same thing. The critics condemn pollution, and rightly. But pollution is largely caused by the rise in population and the working of the democratic principle. Towns would be more pleasant to live in if there were only motor-cars for five per cent of the population; but we want a democratic society, and the number of cars, like the number of people, does not add to the pleasantness of existence. The quality of life—it means that everything must be judged in terms of what is held to be beautiful by the self-constituted arbiters of beauty, essentially the intellectuals. That is all very well, but you won't find the working man putting the quality of life before the standard of living. What he says is: Better justice and equality in mediocrity than abundance in inequality. The great majority of workers spend five or five-and-a-half days a week in the factory and they spend an hour or two a day travelling between their home and their place of work. How is one to fill in that wasted time in a way that will enrich their lives? Everybody agrees in principle that the quality of life needs to be improved, but it's an easy thing to say, and the proposition contains a large element of hypocrisy.

RAYMOND ARON'S *classic study of "Main Currents of Sociological Thought" has just been reprinted in paperback by Penguin in two volumes (6s. and 7s.). Professor Aron who still lectures at the Sorbonne is also a regular columnist for the Paris daily, "Le Figaro". The interview with him was conducted by* JEAN CREISER.

—Certainly the idea comes from the more advanced countries.

ARON: Exactly. It comes from well-to-do people in rich countries, the sort of people who mould opinion, people who talk and write—in short, intellectuals. But I find it absurd that in our Western societies, which for a quarter-of-a-century have been obsessed with the problems of higher productivity, the idea that productivity in itself is not a reason for living should be treated as though it were something new. When have people ever believed anything of the kind? The populations of a third of the world have struggled for national independence before worrying about material prosperity. If high production were the only thing that mattered, plenty of countries that have achieved independence would not even have asked for it because in fact it has not made them any richer. Every country has values more important than material wealth. The aims of Gaullist France were *l'indépendence* and *la grandeur*, never *la production* for its own sake.

But what is true is that after a quarter of a century of extraordinary economic progress—the most brilliant period, in this respect, in human history—and despite the feeling that we have almost solved the problems of the 1930s, we are nevertheless dissatisfied with what we have achieved. Past achievements are never interesting. We put them behind us, telling ourselves that the problem of abundance has now been solved for everyone. But enormous inequalities still exist, and even for many of those who are not the worst sufferers the quality of life is increasingly mediocre. We overlook the fact that although material standards of living in our society have risen with comparative rapidity, needs and cravings may have grown even faster. What lends a frenzied quality to the debate in societies such as ours is that everyone aims at a level higher than

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the one he has actually reached. It does not matter what the level is. If one asks different categories of French people what they need to enable them to live the kind of life they consider normal, their reply is always to ask for 30 or 40 per cent more than they actually have.

—Isn't the same true for business enterprises? Isn't it the first law of a "progressive" society?

ARON: A law that can be admirably defined in the sense that men never create except when they are challenged to do so. But men in our society live in a state of perpetual compulsion. One can even say that there is something diabolical in progress itself. The society advocated by Jean-Jacques Rousseau was a society of people content with simplicity, with mediocrity if you like, whereas we are a society of dissatisfied people in a state of permanent growth.

It may well be argued that for some centuries, and particularly during the last century-and-a-half, man has been going down a road from which there is no escape. We are experiencing a technological mutation, and no one can say where it will end. We are embarked on this course, and there can be no question of stopping, and still less of turning back. For to turn back would be to condemn hundreds of millions of people to death. We are already worrying about the gap between the world's potential food supplies and the 6 or 7 million human beings who will be living on this planet in the year 2000. How can there be any question of arresting the development of agriculture and industry?

—Isn't it a matter of controlling them?

ARON: An easy word. I used it myself in the conclusion of my book on the *Disillusions of Progress*. But what does it really mean? Men should choose between those technical innovations which are desirable and those which are not. We should check the development of the private motor-car, which simply leads to there being more and more private cars and to their being less and less useful and more and more dangerous. There is something monstrous about our society: surely the slaughter at the week-ends is nothing less than monstrous. If Voltaire were alive today he could write a parable which would put *Candide* completely in the shade. I can conceive of a satire on modern society to which no one would have any answer, but it would be a gratuitous literary exercise. "Control" does not mean controlling technical developments—it means controlling the dialectic born of technical developments and human desires, or to put it more simply, the dialogue between industrialism and dem-

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ocracy. Industrialism without democracy is a contradiction in terms. You cannot have mass-production without mass-demand, and so you have got to have democracy. This interdependence of industry and democracy creates problems of which the motor-car is the best example, although they are manifest in many different forms.

—A few years ago you concluded your book Peace and War *on a note which was scarcely one of optimism. You were not apparently certain, whether men really wanted "peace on earth." And you went on, "In a few years it will be possible for the human race to destroy itself. Man will not have resolved the contradictions inherent in his own progress until he has renounced either violence or hope." Do you consider that the latest developments in the strategy of deterrence represent progress along the road of violence or along the road of hope?*

ARON: If I had to choose between the two extremes as you have stated them, I would say that where deterrence by the threat of nuclear war is concerned I think this is on the side of hope. It is true that we are still only at the end of the first quarter-century of the Nuclear Age. The only two atomic bombs to be used were dropped in the summer of 1945. We are now in the year 1970, and mankind's continued survival, it appears to me, is due to the terror still associated with those two bombs. There is a kind of atomic tabu. Mankind is terrified of its weapons. The great powers have acquired, for the present at least, the art of using them diplomatically, so as not to have to make military use of them.

As you know, that is something that I have said more than once. One cannot say of those weapons that they play no part, because they do so in the sense that they prevent their own use. One has to add, of course, that we can never be sure what part they have really played as deterrents. We shall certainly know when deterrence has failed—but we can never be sure when it has succeeded. It may be that when it seems to have succeeded it is because the enemy had no intention of doing what in the event he did not do. Successful deterrence can never be proved. There can be no proof except the certain knowledge that the other side really intended to do what you set out to deter him from doing.

—Your theory was based largely on the balance between the two great powers—brother-enemies, "les frères ennemis," as you called them.

ARON: I used the expression when it was not the fashionable way of looking at things. What had particularly struck me, studying the post-war period, was to see how the two great powers had gradually discovered that they were at one in their resolve to avoid war.

—But has not the Chinese bomb re-opened the whole question?

ARON: I should like to say something more before we come to China. Where the two great powers are concerned, their solidarity against war is attended by a marginal risk. There is the danger of confrontation in certain parts of the world, either direct confrontation or (more likely) confrontation between two of their protégés, which may have the effect of dragging them into war. But it seems that in both the United States and the Soviet Union there is a conscious and strong determination not to allow this to happen.

As for China, I am not one of those who believe that Chinese diplomacy will be fundamentally changed when she is in a position to use nuclear weapons. I don't at all believe that the Chinese intend to use them for offensive purposes. I think they will use them in the same way as the two great powers, that is to say, as a last resort and as much as possible to protect themselves against outside interference. I can't see them going in for what is called nuclear blackmail. Ten years ago American opinion was obsessed with the nuclear peril. When I once spent a semester at Harvard I took part in a seminar in which a number of President Kennedy's future advisers were present. They were all immersed in the problem of nuclear strategy, and mistrustful of negotiations with the Soviet Union. Today they worry very little about all that.

—It certainly seems, to judge by what we learn from the press correspondents abroad, particularly in the United States, that the fear of a generalised conflict is less today than it was in the fairly recent past.

ARON: Hermann Kahn, whom I know well, nowadays devotes almost no time at all at his Institute to the problems of nuclear strategy. I remember hearing him say two or three years ago: "Ten years ago we thought that all methods would fail—today we think they will all succeed." The Americans, as is their wont, have swung from a state of obsessive agitation into a mood of tranquillity.

—But how do you account for this decrease of fear? There can be no doubt that people's minds are less haunted than they were by the terror of nuclear war.

ARON: Why did mankind seem to be obsessed with those dangers ten years ago, and why do we now seem to be calmly breathing the airs of peace? Why is it that ten years ago the great majority of American university students

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were quiet, conformist, and almost apolitical? Why is the present generation in such a state of agitation and revolt? We are confronted by one of those phenomena which occur in history and are not easily explained, a change of psychological climate or of mood. The situation has not basically changed. These are emotional cycles. There is no evident reason for this alteration between anguish and serenity

In the case of Europe the essential reason is that we no longer believe that the Soviet Union has any aggressive military intentions where Western Europe is concerned.

—Don't you think that the strategic rapprochement between the Americans and the Russians is to some extent at the expense of China, and may lead to a new racism?

ARON: At present there is no indication of this. The clash between China and the Soviet Union is both a conventional national struggle and an ideological one. Meanwhile the Soviet Union continues to support the North Vietnamese against the United States and is setting up military installations on the Suez Canal. That is to say that although the alliance against nuclear war between Russia and America is a fact, there are nevertheless conflicts of interest between them in a number of parts of the world. The game is not fundamentally different from what it was twenty-five years ago. What is happening simply suggests that at last we have learnt the rules. Mankind is beginning to come to terms with a civilisation in possession of almost unlimited means of destruction, so that progress may, in certain circumstances, end in catastrophe. I believe that what we are witnessing is a new growth of awareness.

The nuclear danger seems more remote, and the dangers of which we are most conscious are those created by the fact of industrial progress. What most troubles adult people today is the sense of being condemned by the young. What diplomatic discovery have we made in the past twenty-five years? We have learnt how to go on fighting without destroying ourselves, but we have not discovered the secret of peace. We have only rediscovered the secret of localised wars. If one is an optimist—as I am—one can say that the probable future (i.e., that which may reasonably be predicted for the next few decades) will be on the lines of the kind of international world we are now living in. A world which has not achieved true unity through sincere cooperation between the great powers, but which on the other hand has not destroyed itself by carrying war to the limit. This is disappointing, but it is at least better

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than yesterday's nightmare. I find that I am less interested in international relations than I was ten years ago. On the other hand, what fascinates me today, although I shall probably not have time to study it thoroughly, is the growth of the supernational economic community. World unity of a sort is being imposed on us by the threat that hangs over us all, and this threat is not fundamentally affected by Chinese or French nuclear weapons. Nor do I think that the strategy of deterrence will be transformed by the latest developments in rocketry, or by the anti-ballistic missile. The business of deterrence depends essentially on the attitude of the leading powers. So long as the Russians and the Americans are of the same mind and act with the same caution, a nuclear war can only break out by accident, or as the outcome of a catalytic process. But these contingencies, although they can never be wholly ruled out, are a great deal less probable than people think, or thought a short time ago, for the simple reason that even if a nuclear bomb were to explode somewhere there is no reason to suppose that the country hit by it would reply by launching its entire armament against the enemy. There is the red telephone, the "hot line", the instrument of protection (or preservation) against what is called the catalytic war or the accidental war. It is a strange and logical system of understanding between enemies, designed to safeguard each side against the possibility of total destruction. Nothing of the kind has happened before in history.

—But there is no hot line to China.

ARON: Not yet, but perhaps there will be.

—Israel is said to have the bomb.

ARON: I have talked to leading people in Israel, although, of course, they have said nothing to me about that. Israeli scientists are certainly not far off it. But put the case at its worst. Suppose that the Israelis, threatened by total destruction, were to use a nuclear bomb. This still would not result in "the annihilation of the whole human race." Horrible though the use of a bomb would be, it would not be the total catastrophe pessimists were talking about a few years ago. Even if we suppose that Israel and Egypt both possessed a number of atomic bombs, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. would not let themselves be dragged into the conflict for that reason. The use of a nuclear bomb by a small state would be a tragedy, but it would not entail the mass suicide of mankind.

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But on the other hand violence has not vanished from the earth, and it is possible that violence within nations will increase, simply because larger conflicts seem to be ruled out. After all, one of the things that cement national unity is the threat from outside. And there are still the kinds of war with which we are familiar, the traditional limited war between Israel and her neighbours, revolutionary wars. Men are very clever at finding ways of fighting each other.

—Is not the absence of major war responsible for the maladies of civilisation which we are witnessing today? I am thinking of sexuality, drugs, nervous depression, violence, racism, and so on.

ARON: Racism, unfortunately, is as old as humanity itself. Ancient tribes often reserved the name of "man" for themselves alone, using some other word to denote the peoples of other tribes, whom they held to be sub-human. Racism is not an invention of 20th century civilisation.

—But don't you think that racism is becoming much more acute in the big cities? I am thinking of New York, and even of London to some extent.

ARON: As for the United States, although racism is decreasing in terms of the segregation of fifty years ago, it is more apparent in other respects. Integration of all communities is the essence of urban civilisation. The separation of black and white was easier in the non-industrialised South than in the industrialised North. But despite appearances, racist feeling is less strong today than it was twenty or fifty years ago. When you land at New York airport today you find that a number of the immigration officials are black, which is something you would not have seen twenty-five years ago. You go into one of the big Washington hotels and find coloured girls and youths at the reception desk, which is another thing you would not have seen twenty-five years ago. But perhaps simply because of this the problem is becoming more serious.

—And more subtle.

ARON: Yes, it is more apparent and more subtle. As the intellectual level of the black population rises they become increasingly conscious of the discrimination which still remains. De Tocqueville said it long ago: To the oppressed in process of improving their condition, oppression becomes increasingly intolerable, because they see the objective and the distance they still have to go. But the change in sexual *mores* has nothing to do with the absence of war. Don't forget that the United States, where it is most in evidence, is fighting a war. The sexual upheaval in the States may be due to a mutation brought about by the advance of industrial civilisation. It may be that when a certain level has been reached this leads to the rejection of the values of work, success, and effort which were necessary for its achievement. It may be that the children of the generation which struggled so hard to rise in the world are only concerned with the "quality of life" and have no wish for material success. Success was a gift bestowed on them in the cradle. So the old pioneering spirit, the belief in ruthless competition, is being replaced by a new attitude of mind bound up with the relaxing of social controls, the easiness of earning a living, the resources at the disposal of many young people, even those who do not come from the richest circles, and so on. But as for phenomena arising out of the absence of war, you must look for these in Europe! Young Germans and young Frenchmen without national ambitions, living in countries which are both satisfied and dissatisfied. Satisfied because they are prosperous, but dissatisfied because they are no longer numbered among *les grands de ce monde.* It may be that the spirit of political revolt has something to do with the loss of status in the international sphere.

Whether that is so or not, an idea propounded by certain biologists is now becoming fashionable—namely, that man is by nature a violent animal. For my part, I will leave you to choose between two propositions with which I should like to conclude. You may say that man is a violent animal; or you may say that he is a very remarkable animal who cares more about his reasons for living than about life itself. This implies violence. If he is ready to sacrifice his own life for his ideals, he is even more ready to sacrifice the lives of others.

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BOOKS & WRITERS

Coleridge Collected

By Owen Barfield

THERE WAS a period following Coleridge's death in 1834 and lasting for about as long as theology continued to be a matter of general interest, during which both here and in America more attention was paid to his prose than to his poetry. Not that the interest was limited to theology. The group, for instance, known to their contemporaries as "The Germano-Coleridgians," of whom Robert Preyer gave an interesting account in *Bentham, Coleridge, and the Science of History* (1958), were more interested in history and politics, and it was in 1840 that John Stuart Mill prophesied in his essay on *Coleridge and Bentham*:

> The name of Coleridge is one of the few English names of our time which are likely to be oftener pronounced and to become symbolic of more important things in proportion as the inward workings of the age manifest themselves more and more in outward fact. Bentham excepted, no Englishman of recent date has left his impress so deeply on the opinions and mental tendencies of those among us who attempt to enlighten their practice by philosophical meditation. If it be true, as Lord Bacon affirms, that a knowledge of the speculative opinions in the men between twenty and thirty years of age is the great source of political prophecy, the existence of Coleridge will show itself by no slight or ambiguous traces in the coming history of our country.

All the same that period was followed by a much longer one, during which the prose works were treated, if at all, as a kind of sprawling corollary to Coleridge's theory of imagination as propounded in a couple of paragraphs in Chapter XIII of the *Biographia Literaria*; and it is only in our own time that this second period has been drawing to its close. Perhaps its twilight began when, in the same year (1930) that T. M. Raysor produced his definitive two-volume edition of the *Shakespeare Lectures*, J. M. Muirhead included his own *Coleridge as Philosopher* in Allen & Unwin's Library of Philosophy, of which he was the general editor. Nineteen years later came Kathleen Coburn's erudite edition of the hitherto unpublished *Philosophical Lectures*, with its 70-odd pages of notes including lengthy and valuable quotations from hitherto unpublished *marginalia;* and the last three decades have seen a steady stream of books, and still more articles in learned and other journals, all dealing or attempting to deal with the philosophical as well as the literary and critical thought.

The 1930s were the Freudian decade, and there is no doubt that sympathetic response to Coleridge's pre-eminently psychological philosophy with its emphasis on the mind's unconscious activity, and in a lesser degree to his pre-eminently "metaphysical" psychology, was made easier for a public that had come to take almost for granted the existence at least of such a thing as unconscious mental activity. A growing realisation (see for instance Lancelot Whyte's *The Unconscious before Freud*) that the unconscious is not so new and that there may be a good deal more to it than Freud supposed has accompanied the growing interest in Coleridge which I have mentioned—less, I suspect, by way of cause and effect than as concomitant effects of the same causes. M. H. Abrams' *The Mirror and the Lamp* (1953) contains one of the most satisfactory treatments we possess of his so-called "organicism" in its relation to unconscious mental

OWEN BARFIELD *has in the last few years held four appointments in American universities as Visiting Professor. He is at present completing a lengthy study of "What Coleridge Thought." Among his previous books are "Poetic Diction" (1952) "Saving the Appearances" (1957, U.S. edition by Harcourt, Brace), and "Worlds Apart" (1963), all published by Faber & Faber. His most recent book, "Speaker's Meaning," was published by Wesleyan University Press in 1967.*

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activity and, though it is not primarily about Coleridge but about Romantic aesthetic in general, it is perhaps the simplest introduction there is to Coleridge's philosophy.

MUCH OF WHAT HAS BEEN written about the mind of Coleridge in the last forty years is of a very high quality. One recalls, for example, Humphrey House's Clark Lectures (1953). But there is one feature that is common to nearly all of it; and that is its excessive absorption in the two related "problems" of chronology and plagiarism. Did Coleridge change his opinions much in the course of his life—or not? Did he only borrow from everything he read, or did he sometimes think for himself? It began with De Quincey and it was still going on last year in Thomas McFarland's packed and learned *Coleridge and the Pantheist Tradition*. The "when" and the "why" seem to take precedence of the "what" so powerfully that one sometimes feels rather uneasy—like a man listening in to a sophisticated argument about different wines and rival vintage years and suddenly afflicted by a qualm of doubt as to whether the disputants had ever actually *tasted* any of them. Or one has been sauntering, guide-book in hand, through a city with interesting architectural pretensions . . . "leaving the old Plotinus quarter, we pass on our right a solid block of Patristic tome and see the BRUNO TOWER rising in front of us. The quaint *Jacob Böhme* chapel is not likely to detain us long from the imposing ashlar of the KANT BUILDING, with its interesting intrusion of the local Jacobi style, and (notice the Blumenbach frieze) the almost undamaged SCHELLING FACADE . . ."

The tragedy here is that this—"view-hunting", as Carlyle once called it—is precisely *not* the way in which Coleridge wished his books to be read; and one of the reasons why they are sometimes found difficult is that it was not the way they were written to be read. It was never (and this is highly relevant on the issue of plagiarism) the way he read himself. As Professor J. A. Appleyard well remarked in the introduction to his *Coleridge's Philosophy of Literature* (1966):

> Rarely was he much concerned with the precise and actual meaning an idea had for another writer; almost always it was its interaction with his own thinking that mattered most to him.

And this was how he hoped to be read himself. "What are my metaphysics?" he asked in the *Friend*—"merely the referring the mind to its own consciousness for truths, indispensable to its own happiness." He desired, as he says Plato desired, "to excite the germinal power that craves no knowledge but what it can take up into itself." The result is that an exclusively view-hunting approach is automatically self-defeating. Substitute "Coleridgean" for "Pythagorean", and we must say of him what he himself said in the fourth of his *Philosophical Lectures*:

> We must have discovered the truth ourselves by other means, before, out of the mass of traditions, assertions, and fables, we can discriminate what really was Coleridgean, and that it *was* Coleridgean.

Hence the titles of his two most considerable prose works after the *Biographia Literaria*: *Aids to Reflection*, and the *Friend*. Hence also their unpopularity. He complained (in a note on Chapter XX of Southey's *Life of Wesley*):

> Thousands will read this chapter, or the substance of it, in the writings of Wesley himself, and never complain of obscurity, or that it is, as Hone called my *Aids to Reflection*, a proper *brain-cracker*. And why is this? In the words I use, or their collocation? Not so: for no one has pointed out any passage of importance, which he having at length understood, he could propose other and more intelligible words that would have conveyed precisely the same meaning. No! Wesley first relates his theory as a history: the ideas were for him, and through him for his readers, so many *proper names*, the substratum of meaning being supplied by the general image and abstraction, of the human form with the swarm of associations that cluster in it. Wesley *takes* for *granted* that his readers will all understand it, all at once, and without effort. . . . Now compare this with the manner and even *obtruded* purpose of the *Friend*, or the *Aids to Reflection*, in which the aim of every sentence is to solicit, nay, tease the reader to ask himself, whether he actually does, or does not, understand distinctly. . . .

If the vogue of a psychology of the unconscious has facilitated the comprehension of Coleridge's psychology, it has operated to increase rather than diminish that penchant for "the human form with the swarm of associations that cluster in it." Coleridge's own psyche—and the *Road to Xanadu* has a good deal to answer for here—is so much more "fascinating" than his psychology. Indeed we have come so far that a casual reference to "Coleridge's psychology" would itself probably suggest only the former to most people. A good plunge into the recent literature even leaves one with the impression that it is no longer merely a matter of disinclination. There is a kind of atrophy—a positive inability to distinguish between talking about the man and listening to what he said. Exegesis now means showing the reader how Coleridge was "satisfying" his emotional,

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or his religio-philosophical, "needs"; and it is almost terrifying how rapidly the educated public—the "clerisy" as he himself called them—are becoming positively incapable of distinguishing between the reason of a thought and its cause.

BUT IT IS NOT ONLY that Coleridge himself was exempt from it. This intellectual subjectivism was the very dragon he spent himself in struggling to slay. It was the essential *trahison des clercs* in an "epoch of the understanding and the senses"—by which he meant a time when the cruder conclusions of the scientific revolution and the enlightenment have descended into a stratum of the common consciousness at which they are taken for granted; where they have become inherent in the lexical definitions of everyday words, so that the less overtly they are maintained, the more covertly they prevail. Psyche is in the last resort a product of soma, and therefore thought itself psychosomatically and environmentally determined. Who effectually doubts it? What he had to contend with was not simply opinions different from his own but viable to argument; it was more like the shapeless mass of fallen rock that confronts a miners' rescue team wondering where and how to begin drilling to reach the men trapped behind it. It was, as he put it in the *Statesman's Manual*:

> The obstinacy of opinions that have always been taken for granted, opinions unassailable by the remembrance of a doubt, the silent accrescence of belief, from the unwatched deposition of a general, never-contradicted hearsay; the concurring suffrage of modern books, all pre-supposing or re-asserting the same principles with the same confidence, and with the same contempt for all prior systems; and among these, works of the highest authority, appealed to in our Legislature, and lectured on at our Universities; the very books, perhaps, that called forth our own first efforts in thinking. . . .

"Mighty antagonists so strong in themselves, and with such mighty adjuncts" he called them, and it was no exaggeration. For what he was up against, almost single-handed and alone, was the real Establishment, the visceral one—a settled and suffocating deadweight of entrenched custom, compared with which the political and social establishments condemned by Marx and the kids are, in Clio's reckoning, bubble-gum.

As if with the express object of bearing him out, the *Statesman's Manual* itself was promptly greeted with a salvo of incomprehension and abuse. True, it was of its sequel,

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the so-called "Second Lay Sermon", that the *Monthly Magazine* remarked: "to reason with a person of this cast would be as hopeless an undertaking as to reason with the inmates of Bedlam." But Hazlitt himself wrote no less than three reviews of the *Manual*, one of which actually appeared before it was published and was apparently based on the Prospectus:

> All his notions are floating and unfixed, like what is feigned of the first forms of things flying about in search of bodies to attach themselves to; but *his* ideas seek to avoid all contact with solid substances. Innumerable evanescent thoughts dance before him, and dazzle his sight, like insects in the evening sun. Truth is to him a ceaseless round of contradictions: he lives in the belief of a perpetual lie, and in affecting to think what he pretends to say. His mind is in a constant estate of flux and reflux: he is like the Sea-horse in the Ocean; he is the Man in the Moon, the Wandering Jew. . . .

It was unfortunate for Coleridge that his bitterest enemy had that Shavian knack of asserting matters of opinion as matters of fact with an ebullient gaiety, clothed in competent, picturesque and vigorous language, that carries its own deceptive conviction. We feel it *must* all be so, just as he says—until we start looking into the matter for ourselves. That there were at least a few of his contemporaries who did look for themselves, we are reminded by a useful 650-page collection, which has recently appeared (and from which I have quoted above), of reviews and articles published during Coleridge's lifetime. *Coleridge and the Critical Heritage*, by J. R. de J. Jackson—author only last year of a careful study of Coleridge's own critical theory—covers the poems and plays as well as the prose. As to the last, he could have no cause to complain of John Foster's sympathetic article on the *Friend*, and still less of J. C. Heraud's (in *Fraser's Magazine*) on the *Aids to Reflection*; since the latter includes a paragraph of common-sensible penetration into the fundamental simplicity of Coleridge's objective idealism, which it would be hard to match from 20th-century Coleridgiana. If I was challenged to do so, I should select Nicholas Brooke on *Coleridge's "True and Original Realism"* in the Durham University Journal (1961).

I. 580 pp. Vol. II. 680 pp. Princeton University I. 580 pp. Vol. II. 680 pp. Princeton University Press. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul. $20.00/£7 10s the set.

ONE PRACTICAL EFFECT of the radical subversiveness of Coleridge's position has also been a contributory cause of our continued failure to realise it even after all these years have elapsed. The four major works in which he gave expression to it, or tried to do so—the *Friend*, *The Statesman's Manual*, *Aids to Reflection*, and *The Constitution of the Church and State*—have remained out of print for just how many years I should not like to say. As far as I know, there has never been any edition of any of them that included an index. The only way to them has lain through libraries and second-hand bookshops; and it is perhaps doubly unfortunate that this should still have been the situation at the time of the graduate explosion in the last few decades, with its accompanying demand for dissertation-fodder rather than mental interaction. View-hunting, with the net flung as widely as possible, is (quite reasonably) a cardinal virtue in a doctoral thesis; but it is also habit-forming.

That situation is now coming to an end. It was something of an historical event when there appeared last autumn, as the first fruits of the *Collected Coleridge*, long in preparation under the general editorship of Kathleen Coburn, an edition of the *Friend* in two volumes.[1] It is perhaps the most generally important of the four works I have referred to and, had the new edition contained no more than the text and a fairly good index, its appearance would still be an historical event. In fact it contains a quite first-class index, besides much more, which I shall come to in a moment. The *Friend* was originally published as a periodical, to which it was necessary to attract subscribers by various devices, and it is far indeed from being a systematic exposition of Coleridge's philosophy. His own sub-title for the revised edition was "*A Series of Essays in Three Volumes, to Aid in the Formation of Fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, with Literary Amusements Interspersed.*" Nevertheless the actual unity of his thought which, as so many have now insisted, underlies its fragmentary exposition throughout his life, shines unmistakably through. Perusal of the *Friend* calls of course for the sort of "interaction" of which Appleyard spoke; and that means first of all undressing from the indolent assumption that whatever has gone out of fashion is on that account discredited. Otherwise it is likely to be found—as the reviewer of this edition in the *Spectator* has found it—"a long, dull book." Yet it includes the eight *Essays on the Principles of Method* (Section II. Essays

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iv-xi) which are perhaps, together with Essay v of "The First Landing-place," the most easily readable introduction to Coleridge's ubiquitous and paramount distinction between the Understanding (which *homo sapiens* shares with the higher animals) and his superindividual Reason —the latter not, as with Kant, a merely regulative principle but constitutive in its speculative as well as in its practical aspect.

In the *Friend* we have also Coleridge's central intuition of polarity—the *Idea Idearum*, as he once called it—as the principle underlying both phenomenal and noumenal reality, far more fully developed than in the *Biographia Literaria*; though there too a discerning reader cannot easily sidestep it. At least one would have supposed not; but one of the most remarkable features of Coleridge literature in general is the way in which, with the exception of R. H. Fogle's little book, *The Idea of Coleridge's Criticism* (1962) and the Introduction to Donald Stauffer's *Selected Poetry and Prose* (1951), it has in fact been avoided. There was, it is true, Professor Alice Snyder's painstaking essay on *The Critical Principle of the Reconciliation of Opposites as Employed by Coleridge* (1918), in which she concluded that his interest in it was largely "a constitutional malady." If the *Friend* had been as readily available as the *Biographia*, it may be that the "New Criticism" would never have sought to father on Coleridge of all people its exclusively literary maxim of an abstract "reconciliation of opposites" in an ironical detachment from both. For here the concreteness and the activity of what *he* meant by the reconciliation of opposites in polarity is brought out by the instances he draws from natural science. It may be added that his precise relation to the cosmology of science, and particularly to modern physics, is a matter that still awaits adequate treatment. I have seen little of value on the subject beyond Professor Craig Miller's article on "Coleridge's Concept of Nature" which appeared in the Spring 1964 *Journal of the History of Ideas*. Here I fancy the hitherto unpublished notes and marginalia, especially some from near the end of his life, will turn out important. Meanwhile we have, besides the *Essays on Method* in the *Friend*, one or two long letters in Vol. IV of the *Collected Letters*; and Stauffer performed a useful service when he reprinted (in the book above referred to) the *Hints Towards a More Comprehensive Theory of Life*, on which Miller's article was largely based:

> Man possesses the most perfect osseous structure, the least and most significant covering. The whole force of organic power has attained an

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> inward and centripetal direction. He has the whole world in counterpoint to him, but he contains an entire world within himself. . . . Naked and helpless cometh man into the world. Such has been the complaint from eldest time; but we complain of our chief privilege, our ornament, and the connate mark of our sovereignty. *Porphyrogeniti sumus!* In Man the centripetal and individualising tendency of all Nature is itself concentred and individualised—he is a revelation of Nature.

IT WAS IN ELABORATING its relation to biology and evolution, as Coleridge saw it, that he most successfully concretised that *subject-object* relation, which, taken abstractly, has so often been found "a proper brain-cracker." Yet it is quite fundamental. Even in the *Biographia Literaria* it is the "philosophic" imagination, not the poetic, that he actually demonstrates. (The latter was to have formed the subject of the largely unwritten Chapter XIII.) In the *Friend* the philosophic imagination is treated more discursively under the rubric of "method." Not that philosophic imagination is irrelevant to poetic. The reverse is the case. You cannot successfully toy with the notion of imagination—both "primary" and "secondary"—as the producer of art and poetry, while sedulously ignoring its relation to philosophy and science. And primary imagination is the name by which, in those now hackneyed concluding paragraphs of Chapter XIII, he chose to designate that irreducible polarity between self and nature, which was his golden key. Indeed it could be argued without much difficulty that the radical subversiveness of his whole position arose mainly from an early and clear perception that poetic imagination can never thrive, nor even long survive, in a climate of intellectual subjectivism.

There is some evidence that he was not mistaken. How threadbare nearly all the contemporary chatter about art and artists, and happenings, and "literary merit" and what have you, turns out to be beside, say, the little essay *On Poesy or Art* (which Shawcross printed with his edition of the *Biographia*)! Intellectual subjectivism gradually abandons the discovery and communication of truth as a possible end. Never mind, there is still expression; there is still non-representational "creativity"; there is still art and self-realisation in art. Yes, but *what* self? Only moribundaristocracies defend their privilege of insolent behaviour as pompously as if it were the very substance, and not just an accidental badge of their nobility. One could wish to see a small proportion—say a quarter—of the ink and energy expended in vindicating the artist's legal right to be obscene, transferred to the business of establishing his logical right to be at all.

I HAVE EMPHASISED the philosophical stiffening in the *Friend* because that seems to me to be the most enduring part of it. But it is at least as much a political and social work. As Barbara Rooke puts it in her thoughtful Introduction:

> In the intellectual history of the period, *The Friend* is an illuminating example of the power of the creative imagination, experiencing social and personal tensions, not only to endure chaos, but also to make something new out of it.

Without labouring, or even expressly drawing attention to it, she neatly brings out its possible bearing on our present discontents by continuing:

> The 1809-10 *Friend*, like the *Watchman*, was written during a time of war. In their different ways, each work is a civil libertarian tract for the times. To recall men to principles, to ask what human society is for, what the human individual is and what the organised community is: this was the steadying task of the creative imagination as Coleridge saw it—especially at a time when men were threatened by violence. The 1818 *Friend* was undertaken in a period of the aftermath of war, when the freedom of the individual and the ends of social organisation seemed undermined less by direct military authority over the individual than by authoritarian fears of the lack of control anywhere, by chaos, and man's inhumanity to man in a society floundering in riots and the repression of riots.

The 1809-10 *Friend* is the original periodical, which is reproduced verbatim in the 2nd volume of the present edition. A few years later Coleridge revised it with great care and in 1818, with a number of omissions and some important additional material, it was reprinted in book form. Later editions, such as there were (the last is Bohn's in 1865), followed the 1818 edition, which constitutes the bulk of volume 1. Volume 2 contains also a full account of the MSS of the various editions and of a number of extant annotated copies, as well as a list of subscribers to the original periodical. There are three Collation Tables, to facilitate cross-reference—a task in which the careful footnotes render invaluable assistance—and I must not omit to mention the useful Chronological Table in volume 1.

FOR COLERIDGE'S POLITICAL theory we must await the *Statesman's Manual* and the *Lay Sermon* and, still more, the *Constitution of the Church and State*. Meanwhile the *Collected*

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Coleridge edition of the *Watchman*[2] has already appeared, published earlier this year. The little weekly periodical, 32 pages long, which Coleridge kept going single-handed for ten weeks in the spring of 1796, has never previously been printed in book form. Without it any Collected Coleridge would be woefully incomplete and the care with which it has been produced, together with its index, notes and incidental matter, make it a worthy companion volume to possess. But it is of course a very different proposition from the *Friend*. In particular it came as a surprise to me to find that a comparatively small proportion of it was actually written by Coleridge himself, and that it is not always possible, even in the case of poems, to say of any particular contribution whether it was so or not. Very many of them are parliamentary and other reports taken from contemporary newspapers, being sometimes merely transcribed, sometimes abridged, and sometimes transcribed with the addition of a little leftish pep by the hard-worked editor. Many will find it less interesting for any light it sheds on Coleridge than as an intimate peep from an unusual angle into the political and social, and indeed legal, climate of England in the early years of the Napoleonic wars.

The *Watchman* and the twin volumes of the *Friend* are numbers 2 and 4 respectively of the *Collected Coleridge* in 16 volumes. When complete, the edition will comprise not only the books and essays long out of print and *marginalia* at present accessible only in back numbers of out of the way periodicals such as the *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, but also the unpublished MSS—all, presumably, that are traceable. I wish I knew how soon we may expect the remainder and whether I shall be here to see them all. In particular No. 7 (the *Biographia Literaria* edited by M. H. Abrams) must be worth waiting for—or would it perhaps have been better *not* to allocate his outstanding ability to the only prose work of which we already have a scholarly edition, in 2 volumes, by Shawcross?

I suppose that, without the initiative of the General Editor, Kathleen Coburn, and her total dedication to Coleridge, nothing of the sort could have occurred. And it is a mystery to me how she has managed to combine this labour not only with the editing of the *Philosophical Lectures*, but also with the editing and production of the *Notebooks* in five

[2] *The Watchman*. Edited by Lewis Patton. 477 pp. Princeton University Press, $12.50, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, £5 5s.

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double volumes (text and notes), of which the first two have already appeared and the third is, I understand, trembling on the brink. These last, together with E. L. Griggs' *Collected Letters,* of which four volumes have so far been published, will really give us pretty well all the Coleridge there is.

MEANWHILE, in the *Collected Coleridge*, we have these two volumes of which I have been writing: the *Friend*—"that quintessentially mid-Coleridgian omnium gatherum", as Livingston Lowes called it—and the *Watchman*—that little cameo of the S.T.C. of pre-Malta and pre-Wordsworth days—to be duly thankful for. As to the latter, my observations were addressed to the average reader. Coleridgians—a small but distinctive genus containing several species—will value it highly, as they are helpless to avoid valuing anything that puts them further in touch with Coleridge himself. If the problem of chronology, if the problem of borrowing (or "plagiarism") in his writing, and if his emotional and volitional response to the personal problems that beset him are none of them the main point, that does not imply that they are not interesting. Very far from it. Whatever the actual nature of the relation that is assumed, it is a liberal education to trace the contacts of his mind with the greater and the lesser works of his contemporaries and of his predecessors going back to the pre-Socratics. I have often thought that a systematic study of them might make an ideal introduction to the history of philosophy. And as to "Xanadu," there is a turning towards it from every other road, as the footnotes to the new edition of the *Friend* make plain enough.

MAYBE IT IS POSSIBLE to become absorbed in personality and plagiarism without ever actually coming to grips with the philosophy. But if so, the converse is by no means true. It follows from Coleridge's whole way of presenting his case that, like the cheerfulness of Dr. Johnson's would-be-philosophical friend, the man Coleridge "will keep breaking in." And God bless him, how welcome he is to some of us, both as a centric aid to reflection *and* as an eccentric friend. I am rather sorry if a note of asperity (or was it just peevishness?) has crept at any point into this article. The present moment, with the *Collected Coleridge* at last appearing over the horizon in these two really splendid produc-

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tions, and with all the *Notebooks* and all the *Letters* somewhere in the offing, is no occasion for dissension of any sort. Now is the time, if ever there was or will be one, for all Coleridgians to rejoice together in amity over the plenty that is coming to them—plenty for us interactionists, who prefer to take the thought of Coleridge neat, even if it makes us blink, but plenty also for our personalist brethren, who must have a good stiff seasoning of opium and Sara Hutchinson before they will touch it.

When History (and God) Is on Your Side

On Joachim's Medieval Prophecies — By GORDON LEFF

IT IS CUSTOMARY TO SEE the Middle Ages as an age of faith and to contrast their order and stability with our own lack of certainty. There is some truth in the comparison. But belief also generates its own tensions over how it should be interpreted and by whom; and many of the fiercest struggles in history have been among rival adherents of the same faith. The Middle Ages were no exception. Within the commonly accepted tenets of Christian faith there developed, on the one hand, a binding orthodoxy mediated by the church, and, on the other, a series of dissenting outlooks, some of which became heretical. From the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, heterodoxy, in its various forms, was endemic in Western Europe until with the Reformation the universal authority of the Roman church, under stress for two centuries, finally broke.

This is not to say that the Middle Ages were a period of religious unrest; compared with the early centuries of Christianity under the Roman Empire or with the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were not. Rather, it was the universal acceptance of a common book—the Bible—as the repository of all truth, and of a divine institution—the church—as its mediator, which invited contrast between Christian precept and ecclesiastical practice. From the twelfth century onwards the disparity between them became one of the main sources of religious criticism and radicalism. Numerous groups sought a return to first apostolic principles, which they could not find in the church, by following literally Christ's teaching in the Bible. The appeal to Christ's own example became one of the most explosive elements in the criticism of the church and the existing order. If it was not the only source of dissent it was perhaps the most pervasive.

This appeal to an ideal past perhaps received its greatest impetus from the writings of Joachim of Fiore, a Cistercian monk, who lived from about 1135 to 1202. After becoming abbot of the monastery of Curazzo, Calabria, in 1196 he founded a new monastic order of Fiore. Joachim has usually been bracketed with St Augustine as one of the few medieval creators of a Christian philosophy of history. What has not been so widely recognised—at least in this country until the timely appearance of Dr. Marjorie Reeves' masterly book[1]—is that his influence was, for the later Middle Ages, perhaps even more far-reaching. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that Joachim's was the first comprehensive historical interpretation of the world which sought to explain its development in terms of universal laws. Although not the first to divide the history of the world into a series of ages, he was the first to establish a dynamic relationship between them so that past, present, and future were part of a continuous process of development which had a defined goal in this world. Where among St. Augustine and his disciples, man's life in this world was a necessary stage on his journey to his final destination in the next world, Joachim transferred many of the happenings reserved for the next world to this one. He gave the course of history in time a scheme of its own which would culminate in a future age of gold on earth. This did not lessen the finality of the Last Judgment; but it made past and present meaningful in relation to man's future in this world.

It is in this sense, of relating the present to a temporal past and future, that Joachim can be said to have given the Middle Ages an historical awareness, and with it both a critical attitude to the present and, in the hands of many of

[1] *Prophecy in the Later Middle Ages: A Study of Joachism.* By MARJORIE E. REEVES. Oxford University Press, £5.

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his disciples, a Programme for the Future. And just as much of recent history has been dominated by historical philosophies so was much of the later Middle Ages. But with this difference, that neither Joachim nor subsequent Joachists would have regarded themselves as interpreting history as such but rather as trying to understand God's purposes through the events of this world. It should also be added that, paradoxically, as with many founders of "a new outlook," Joachim's teaching became a source for outlooks which he would have disavowed had he lived to see them. In his own lifetime he was celebrated for his piety; his new monastic order received the Pope's recognition, and Kings and Emperors consulted him; after his death only his doctrine of the Trinity was censured, the main body of his writings and his orthodoxy remaining officially unimpugned.

THE STRIKINGLY NON-HISTORICAL FORM of Joachim's writings can be seen from the three main works in which he developed his scheme of history—the *Concord of the Old and New Testaments,* the *Exposition of the Apocalypse,* and the *Psaltery of the Ten Strings.* They are in the form of commentaries on the Bible and its events, with elaborate symbolical and numerical calculations designed to justify Joachim's belief in an overall pattern in the history of creation. From one point of view he seemed to make no distinction between historical fact and allegory; and it is that which makes much of Joachim's treatment of his figures and events so ambiguous, an ambiguity which was fruitful in leading to the misinterpretations of subsequent generations. Yet, in fact, the real import of Joachim's interpretation lay in his very acceptance of the Bible as revealing an intelligible pattern in history which could only be grasped by going beyond appearances to the underlying reality. The Bible was the source of the world's history. Through its events, properly interpreted, the grand design and final goal of all creation were revealed. This led Joachim to put a new valuation upon history as a dynamic force. The force of his outlook lay in making that Future at once *the consummation* of all history and *within the grasp* of the Present. He thereby generated a sense of apocalyptic expectation which, if it never became the revolutionary force which modern mass movements bred on the idea of historical destiny have become, owed its power to a similar inspiration that the future lay in its hands.

Central to Joachim's interpretation was his division of time into three great overlapping and interacting eras. The first was that of the Father and corresponded to the period of the Old Testament; the second was the age of the Son and ran from the time of king Osias until around the middle of the thirteenth century, beyond the period at which Joachim was writing; it would be followed by the third and final age of the Holy Spirit, which would last for a thousand years until "the end of the world" and the Last Judgment. Each age was also symbolised by a particular group of men: the first age of the Father had been the age of the married men (the patriarchs); the second was the age of the clerics; the third would be the age of spiritual monks, of whom the Benedictines were the precursors. Each age also had or would have three great men, but whereas those for the first two ages were actual figures drawn from the Old and New Testaments, the three for the coming third age were merely symbols which Joachim found in the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse. This distinction between the first two ages and the third is the dominant theme in Joachim's system; for it was from the relationship between the first two that he was able to deduce the patterns of history by which he could prognosticate what was still to come in the future third age. Hence his treatment of the first two ages is much fuller and more precise than it is for the third age; and he largely interprets the transition from the second to the third age in terms of what had occurred in the change from the first to the second. Thus the third age was inseparable from the first two ages not only as their outcome, but also in the mode in which that outcome would occur. It was treated less for itself than as the consummation of what had gone before; and if it is the most unorthodox and revolutionary aspect of Joachim's teaching it is also the least substantial, providing an historical perspective rather than a defined epoch.

NOW IT WAS THIS THREEFOLD PERSPECTIVE which meant that, instead of the traditional two ages of the Old and the New Testaments, an additional—and higher—era was interposed between them and the Last Judgment. As envisaged by Joachim it would mean the supersession of the existing forms and their transformation into something higher. Whereas the first age had been under the law and the second was under grace, the third would have still greater grace; while the first age was of knowledge, and the second of partial wisdom, the third would be of full understanding; servile servitude and filial servitude would give place to liberty. With these and many other antitheses

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Joachim sought to characterise the differences between the ages and their culmination in the Third Age. Although Joachim never went beyond metaphor in describing the new order still to come, there can be no doubt that he envisaged it as one of spiritual renewal in which, to use his own repeated image, the spirit would triumph over the letter. What this would mean in practice he did not say beyond that it would not entail a new faith or a new church, but rather their expression at a new and higher level.

This was the very point at which Joachim's thinking was most betrayed by those who claimed to be his disciples. His own symbolic terms such as a new "spiritual church" and "spiritual men" and his frequent references to the displacement of the outward "figures" of the sacraments by their inner spiritual import came to take on an independent meaning and to be contraposed to their present visible forms. By the end of the thirteenth century, among some of the Franciscan Spirituals and their followers in Provence and Italy, the spiritual church had come to mean a new congregation of spiritual men—themselves—which was opposed to the carnal church (of Rome under the Pope) which they condemned as the Whore of Babylon and the Congregation of Antichrist. They were the bearers of a new gospel and possessed a true spiritual insight. Not only was the terminology taken over from Joachim's apocalyptic language, but so also was the framework in which the change from the second to the third era would occur.

Here Joachim's division of the first two ages, of the Father and the Son, into seven phases or epochs was particularly significant. From the parallels between them he sought to show the way in which each phase was succeeded by the next. In particular he emphasised first something like a dialectical interplay between one phase and the next, so that the New was germinating within the Old and only finally emerged through superseding the Old. Thus the spiritual men who were to typify the third age of the Holy Spirit had their harbingers in St. Benedict's order of monks, which had been founded in the fourth phase of the second age. Since Joachim computed that the age of the Son would end in about the year 1260 this meant that the bearers of the new age had coexisted with the old for over 600 years. They were the agents by means of which the dualism between the flesh and the spirit, which characterised the age of the Son, would be overcome in the triumph of the Spirit in the third age. But, in the second place, this transformation

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would not come about imperceptibly or gradually, but by means of a struggle between the New and the Old. Joachim distinguished between phases of quiescence and phases of disturbance in each of the first two ages. As the end of each age drew to its close the latent antagonism between the Forces of the Old Order and the Forces of the Future came to a head, and a period of conflict between them ensued before the New Age could finally emerge.

Joachim placed this struggle in the sixth and penultimate phase of the expiring age; just as Christ and his disciples had been persecuted by the synagogue, and he had been crucified before his message had finally triumphed, so Christ's successors, the new spiritual monks, would have to suffer the attacks of Antichrist before they, too, prevailed to inaugurate a new golden age on earth, in the seventh and last phase of the second age. Accordingly the pattern which Joachim presented was of an underlying continuity by means of discontinuity, of a series of consummations, or as he called them sabbatical periods, preceded by periods of violent struggle, until from some time after the middle of the thirteenth century a New and Final Era of sabbatical peace would reign.

NOW IT WAS IN THE TRANSITION from the second to the third age that Joachim's teaching had such relevance for the thirteenth century and beyond; for by his own computation the present age of the Son was due to end in around 1260 at the expiry of the 42nd generation from the birth of Christ (counting each generation as thirty years). Accordingly, the begining of the thirteenth century marked the begining of the sixth phase when the struggle between the Old and the New would reach its climax. For the generations immediately succeeding Joachim's, they appeared to be in the very vortex of the upheaval. Hence the immediacy of his message to those who, like the Franciscan Spirituals and many others, were suffering either persecution or the effects of the devastating wars between the Imperial and Papal armies in Italy. Their miseries seemed to be a vindication of Joachim's own predictions and his stress upon the coming tribulations which would precede the age of the Spirit. He foretold that the years from 1200 to 1260 would be worse than the preceding centuries of the second age put together; they would be filled with the evil doings of Antichrist; the sixth phase would witness great persecutions culminating in the seventh with the appearance of the first Antichrist (the second would appear at the end of the third age before the final end of the world and the Last Judgment). The sixth phase, however, would also witness the first heralding of a new spiritual understanding of the Old and the New Testaments which would be consummated in the final victory over the forces of Antichrist. It would be followed by a second incarnation of Christ and the period of sabbatical calm which would inaugurate the third great age of peace on earth, and the rule of the Spirit.

HERE, THEN, READY TO HAND, was an interpretation of the present which offered not just an explanation of the present ills of the world but also hope and justification in suffering. It gave a cosmic setting to the struggles of the various reforming and apostolic groups; they were enacting the final struggle between the forces of Christ and Antichrist, of Jerusalem and Babylon.

Miss Reeves, long distinguished for her work on Joachim, has now brought together the full account of the development and debasement of his influence from the thirteenth century to its final demise in the seventeenth. It is a remarkable book based upon a complete mastery of some of the most intractable material. The greater part concerns the period after Joachim's own lifetime, with only a brief account of Joachim's own life and doctrines. For the first time the full complexity of the different streams—many in origin non-Joachimist and in some cases antedating him by centuries—which converged in Joachist prophecy has been brought into an intelligible order. What will perhaps strike the non-specialist most forcibly is the variety of contradictory outlooks which could adapt to Joachism: from the rich gallery of his archetypes, men could fit out themselves and their enemies in full apocalyptic regalia seeing them all as part of a cosmic upheaval.

If there is a lesson to be learned it is, I suppose, how men of all sorts and conditions can become intoxicated with the idea that History is on their side. By introducing a palpable and immediate goal to the present Joachism incited men to take the future into their own hands in the belief that they were thereby furthering God's design. His scheme of history was adapted to a variety of different ends; what they all had in common was the sense of being part of a grand historical design, which would reach its culmination in this world. It gave not only hope for the sufferings of the present but explained how they would be overcome and by whom. Not for the last time History provided an incentive not just to "understand the world" but to change it.

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High Noon & Sunset

Perspectives of Empire—By *Asa Briggs*

IT IS DIFFICULT to write about the history of empires in perspective, with or without Gibbon in mind. "Rulers" and "subjects" felt differently as well as thought differently from each other about fundamental questions of authority, and we start today with the experience of Nationalism as well as Imperialism in the forefront of any analysis. Slogans, old or new, however potent, seldom assist understanding; and most accounts of critical imperial relationships, economic, political or psychological, apply at best to limited areas.

The British Empire, moreover, remains the most difficult of all empires to study in that it was neither extended nor restricted on the basis of one single theory of empire or even of a single set of generally accepted presuppositions. Those who tried in its later phases, like Smuts, to climb to the top of a high mountain and survey the scene from above were all too easily lifted into the clouds: those who pushed pens in Whitehall or even in offices overseas often saw no further than the end of their own noses. The number of people actually involved in the imperial enterprise was always small, although within the minority there were usually some who thought of themselves as an élite. Most people in Britain knew little and cared less about the actual processes at work than was necessary to sustain commitment, let alone involvement. At best, historians of the British Empire—and through all the changes of historical fashion there has never been a lack of them — can collect attitudes, catalogue interests, illuminate situations and disentangle decisions.

THE AUTHORS of a number of new books on a cluster of related imperial themes approach their problems in very different ways. Mr. Bartlett relates 19th-century empire in the Victorian high noon to other changing aspects of Britain's power structure.[1] Only one of the essays in his volume deals specifically with "imperial Britain", and its author, Dr. Southgate, emphasises the point made initially by his editor that

> it is misleading to think of Britain pre-eminent mainly, still less wholly, in terms of a British "empire" much of which seemed to policy-makers in London an embarrassment rather than asset.

Shelburne had remarked at the Congress of Versailles in 1783 that "we prefer trade to dominion" (two years earlier Horace Walpole had identified "the moment of the fall of an empire"); and the first essay in Mr. Bartlett's collection is an excellent analysis by Peter Stearns of Britain and the spread of the industrial revolution. Later in the book there is a particularly stimulating essay by Professor. S. G. Lythe on "Britain, the Financial Capital of the World", which, rare in this field, is as sensitive to social undertones as it is to economic and political pressures. Other essays deal with "the great migration" (much of it far outside the bounds of formal empire), with "the rise and fall of free trade" (a system of principles designed for all mankind), with humanitarianism (which concerned other people's empires at least as much as our own) and with the British parliamentary system (considered to be a model, albeit a flexible one, for Europe as well as for new countries in the course of development).

Within the perspectives of Mr. Bartlett's book late 19th-century British enthusiasm for empire —and all the "visions" or "gospels" which stimulated and upheld it—marked something of a retreat from "the optimistic universalism" of the early part of the century, "a substitute for lost ascendancy." There were, of course, other themes. Joseph Chamberlain who would never have thought of himself as deliberately on the defensive, advanced radical arguments relating to the need, more fully articulated as an orthodoxy in the mid-20th century, to develop an under-developed estate; but he had the Birmingham of the 1870s in his mind rather than a Ministry of Overseas Development. For all the obvious stridency of the 1890s, pessimism was an essential ingredient in the story even when demands were being made for "activism" in the distant corners of the world. "The Weary Titan," Chamberlain told colonial

[1] C. J. Bartlett (ed.), *Britain Pre-Eminent, Studies in British World Influence in the Nineteenth Century*. Macmillan, 200 pp., £2.

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prime ministers in 1902, "staggers under the too vast orb of its fate." For Kipling Imperialists would likely get no thanks for what they did, nor could they look forward to much save endurance.

It is just as fascinating to compare the reactions of 1897, the year of the Diamond Jubilee, and the years which followed inevitably after it with those of 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, as it is to compare the reactions of 1851 with those of 1783. Already it was possible to foretell that "all our pomp of yesterday" would be one with Ninevah and Tyre. The empires were echoing each other.

> *The gale, it plies the sapling double,*
> *It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:*
> *Today the Roman and his trouble*
> *Are ashes under Uricon.*

PROFESSOR BELOFF, who is sufficiently modest to describe his own sizeable volume,[2] the first of two, as an "essay", approaches problems of empire from the opposite end of the time scale from Mr. Bartlett's mixed band of contributors. He starts, indeed, with 1961 as the vantage point, seeking to describe "the historical perspectives implied in the British attempt to 'enter Europe' simultaneously with the liquidation of Britain's imperial responsibility overseas." He quotes freely from social critics and writers, but we do not need Kipling or Housman's cosmic chronologies to set his scene or to sharpen the doubts. "Winston Churchill," he remarks succinctly,

> already a subaltern serving in India in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, was to survive to vote in the division on 3rd August 1961 in favour of the motion approving Britain's application to join the E.E.C. The decline and fall of the British Empire had been consummated within a single active lifetime.

This first volume, well planned and cogently written, deals with events between the Diamond Jubilee and 1921. It brings out clearly that there are as many difficulties in accounting for processes of "decline" in an empire as there are in explaining its "rise" (particularly in relation to so much that was "declining" and "rising" also). Like Dr. Southgate, he emphasises from the start that the Empire in 1897 was a collection of highly disparate elements which only accidentally came to constitute parts of "an anomalous whole."

> Only when thinking in terms of strategy—the protection of Britain's world role and world-wide communications and commerce—could British public men think in the same context of the settled colonies and the dependencies of Australia and India.

And "imperial strategy" itself was something of a will-o'-the wisp. Already by 1897 there were marked differences within the different parts of the Empire itself—as there were in Britain—on basic questions relating both to strategy and to economics. There were also failures of communication inside Britain and between the different territories.

> The degree to which the different component parts of the Empire saw their problems separately was underestimated by a ruling class largely out of touch with their needs and problems.

It was a young Canadian civil servant who complained in 1908 that

> there is in England a real governing class, in the sense that it seeks to control and guide the national interests both in England and in the dominions beyond. The English mind has been so long trained in this way of looking at the world that it will be many years before it will ever come fully to appreciate what self-government means.

Professor Beloff deals admirably with the Boer War and with its aftermath, with the setting up of the Committee of Imperial Defence and with the tangled economics of tariff reform. He points out also the consequences of the repudiation of "imperialism" by the British electorate in 1906, the relationship between elements of continuity and discontinuity behind the scenes, and the significance of the impact of the First World War. "Politically," wrote H. G. Wells in 1916,

> the British Empire is a clumsy collection of strange accidents. It is a thing as little to be proud of as the outline of a fruit or the shape of a potato. For the mass of the English people India and Egypt and all that side of our system mean less than nothing; our trade is something they do not understand, our imperial wealth something they do not share.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether the phrase "our system" ever meant much at all. The energy certainly did not come from the centre. "If this splendid country is ever to be properly developed and still more if it is ever to be British," Ormsby-Gore wrote from Tel Aviv in 1918, "it is only the Zionists who can accomplish these two aims." In Ireland, as much as in South Africa or in India, "honourable settle-

[2] Max Beloff, *Britain's Liberal Empire, 1897-1921*. Methuen, 387 pp., 65s.

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ments" designed in London to reconcile old grievances and conflicts seemed on the spot to be merely the prelude to total independence. By 1921 there was neither a central "doctrine" in London to justify active imperial policies nor the will to pursue such policies had "doctrines" been acceptable. "The meridian had been passed; the final liquidation of Britain's world power—the Imperial Sunset—lay only fifty years ahead."

The skill of Professor Beloff's analysis lies in his capacity to relate themes of empire to other themes both in British foreign policy and in British government. Europe and the United States are always kept in the picture. His main point, implicit also in Mr. Bartlett's book, is that the way in which the British Empire was put together as part of a complex of British economic and political achievements, scattered over place and time, determined the way in which it ultimately collapsed—or was parcelled out. A Viceroy of India, a key figure in any such analysis, might write in 1878 that "one of the many unrecognised advantages which we derive from the possession of India is a field of administration which furnishes us with the practical confutation of a great many liberal fallacies"; but there were always too many "liberal fallacies" in Britain itself to give any permanence to the idea of empire, particularly of an Indian Empire. On the "periphery", of course, there was room for every kind of view just as there was ample scope for the divergence of national interests, and Professor Beloff does not say the last word on local traditions of authority, on loyalties, on associations and on family inter-connections. He does make it plain, however, that whatever the circumstances in Britain and in its possessions there was no other country in the world which felt any direct concern in maintaining a British Empire which had been assembled in such an odd manner and in face of such complex resistances. In later life, Churchill himself might try as hard as he could to persuade the Americans to support the Very Weary Titan; but in the freshness of youth in 1898 he had asked more pertinently, "is it likely that the cute Uncle Sam will pick our Asiatic, African and European chestnuts out of the fire for us?"

TWO OTHER BOOKS concerned with British empire builders on the "periphery" rather than at the centre bring in dimensions which are missing both from Mr. Bartlett's and Professor Beloff's books. The authors of the two

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companion volumes on the British in the Far East and in the Middle East set about their tasks with skill and imagination, and their detailed studies are aptly and beautifully illustrated. Sarah Searight[3] begins with a quotation from Lady Mary Wortley and ends with one from Flecker: George Woodcock[4] ranges more ambitiously, ultimately covering what he calls "the final phase" in Hong Kong and Singapore.

It is possible from both these books to appreciate quickly, as it is from similar books on Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, that the British abroad were not always called upon simply to endure, nor were they usually deeply concerned with any of the possible doctrines of empire. There was a place for escape and for adventure—the wild and the strange—both in the Middle East and in the Far East, but some at least of the men who wanted these dreamed of eventually returning home to a society whose conventions they understood even when they had in effect qualified them. "You gentlemen will know," wrote a Levantine factor in Aleppo to his employer in London in 1745, "that the inducements to a man living abroad and more especially in a country like this, are the hopes and expectations he has of gaining in his earlier days wherewithal to return to his native country to spend the latter part of his life with some comfort."

Miss Searight has to take account, like Mr. Woodcock, not only of British ventures but of the traditional societies which empire-builders had to confront before they faced the rising power of "nationalism." Religion figures in their narrative at least as much as politics, and during the various phases of empire, not least the last, the frontiers of endeavour were set not by flags or by brigade posts but by the rituals and routines of "expatriate" communities. Mr. Woodcock is particularly successful at catching the flavour of life during different periods in the Far East. "From 1900 onwards," he writes convincingly,

> racial distinctions as well as class distinctions within the British community became more sharply defined; the social rituals became more important; the routines more mechanical and closer to those of the temporarily lost homeland.

He has excellent sections on food and drink, travel and communications, sport and entertain-

[3] Sarah Searight, *The British in the Middle East.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 219 pp., 70s.
[4] George Woodcock, *The British in the Far East.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 259 pp., 70s.

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ment, clubs, bars, and hotels. Any account of the rise and fall of the British Empire which leaves out these elements of social life will be incomplete and misleading. Malcolm Muggeridge may well have been exaggerating when he wrote that "the British Empire can now be seen to have been so brief in duration, so slight in its impact, so inchoate in its shape, that it scarcely rates Gibbonian treatment", yet it is clear that treatment of the social history of the British Empire, still full of fascination, requires very different gifts from those of Gibbon. It can be better written from the standpoint of Canberra or Kuala Lumpur than London or Oxford. And, like any other kind of society history, it cannot in the last resort be social history with the politics left out.

THE KIND OF SOCIAL and political complexity that could exist on the spot is well brought out in a report from Arnold Wilson, the assistant to the British Vice-Consul at Ahwaz during the first decade of this century:

> the position of a company which is working under a concession from one government (Persian) but depends on the goodwill of a provincial administration (Arab and Bakhtiavi) and the military and moral support of a third (British and Indian) with a head office in Glasgow dealing with the Foreign Office in London and a Foreign Department (Simla) through local offices (in Persia) is not easy.

However great the difficulties of writing the histories of empires retrospectively as "wholes" and of seeing them in perspective, the difficulties were usually even greater in making urgent decisions in different "parts" in the light of complex situations and intricate relationships. And for all the disputes on imperial strategy, the role of force in local affairs was always more immediately contentious whenever it was felt that force might have to be used.

Finally it should be noted that Mr. Woodcock's view of the "sunset" of today is different from Professor Beloff's. He is more optimistic, indeed, than his predecessors during the 1890s. "There are still sections of the British communities," he writes, "where philistinism reigns and profit is the first consideration, but the shadow is no longer almost universal." *Plus ça change ce n'est pas toujours la même chose.*

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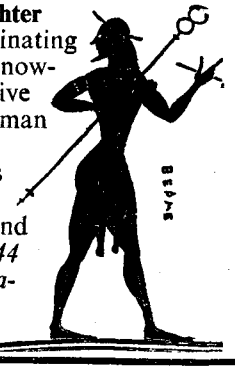

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LETTERS

Publishing & "Illiteracy"

MATTHEW CORRIGAN'S analysis of the New York publishing scene [ENCOUNTER, July] applies equally to publishing throughout the world. Publishers are fumbling to relate "successful" publishing to the technological era in the way Mr Corrigan describes, and in so doing are destroying the fundamentals of creative writing and publishing. As one of the few remaining independent publishers I believe it is our function to publish books of a high literary standard even though they may prove uncommercial; a good publisher should be ahead of trends. I know that often quality will achieve ultimate recognition. For example, two of the authors I publish, discarded by their previous publishers as being "uncommercial" are Anna Kavan and Anais Nin, whose books have now had their due recognition. I could name other examples of unfashionable writers whose worth has eventually been realised. One of the most phenomenal literary "discoveries" of recent years is Hermann Hesse; his first book appeared in 1898 and *Siddhartha* was introduced in England in 1954 by my firm.

I believe instinct and sensitivity to be essential components of a publisher. The paucity and commercialisation of American publishing is such that we have pioneered a number of talented American authors, some of whom have since found publishers there, after a film deal or numerous submissions. Hesse was hawked around the States for more than ten years before the campus vogue confirmed his saleability. The major Norwegian writer Tarjei Vesaas suffered 26 rejections from American publishers before an imaginative young editor (at William Morrow) had the guts to back his instinct and bought *The Ice Palace*, and was proved right.

It is an indictment of publishing and reviewing when good writers strive in desperation to write commercial fiction, perhaps unaware that this commodity is rapidly moving into obscurity.

PETER OWEN

Peter Owen Ltd.,
London

Student Dissent

IT WOULD have been appropriate to have entered the lists against Mr Nisbet sooner ("Who Killed the Student Revolution?," ENCOUNTER, February), but one's time was occupied, as was that of a significant number of colleagues, in providing the opportunity for dissent's continued non-violent presence on this campus. In the event, Mr Hook came along with his tuppence worth ("The Ideology of Violence," ENCOUNTER, April), so the delay has served to broaden the opportunity.

It seems that Mr Nisbet has failed to comprehend the significance of the continuing disturbances within the universities. No one killed the student revolution; there never was one. Of course, it is hard not to smile at his extended analysis of the "revolutionary" postures of a minority. He appears to be describing a sort of bi-sexual Eton wall game, full of ritualistic writhing and grunting on the part of its specially favoured participants. What Mr Nisbet has failed to do is to comment on the *revolt* which *is* taking place on hundreds of campuses. If nothing else, these serious young people are questioning the role of the university in today's world. They are insisting, and Benda might well have been proud of them, that the academy sponsor a continual, critical (though not necessarily negative) dialogue with its local and national communities.

Now to Mr Hook, whose emphases are even more astonishing. I deplore violence as much as he does. But I acknowledge, as I feel he should, too, what has caused this objectionable ideology to take root. It is, quite simply, the pragmatic conclusion deduced by smaller "interest groups" from the ideology practised on a world-wide scale by their peer "interest group." To the extent the American government is justifying the use of (massive) violence to realise its foreign objectives —and claiming success for it!—so, too, will black power groups, student revolutionaries, etc., to realise their objectives. Don't blame the children, Mr Hook, go for the parents! As for the historical parallel, I doubt that the rebels of 1776 had any more monolithic an opposition to face than do those of today. But that is irrelevant. The point is that each group came to *feel* that the normal, peaceful means of change were closed to them, that they were obliged, therefore, to employ force.

Mr Hook cannot so easily have forgotten the gloomy years between the world wars when the régimes of Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Falangist Spain were being consolidated. Does he really believe that it would ill have served university communities in those countries, let alone the public at large, to have sought, by vigorous and public dissent, to prevent those vicious developments? Did he not applaud when in Spain, Unamuno, from his rectorial chair, publicly insisted that to oppose the policy of Franco was altogether within his university's "sphere of competence and authority"? Would that there had been more of his stature then! And now!

T. P. JULIUSBERGER

Department of History,
University of Bridgeport,
Connecticut, U.S.A.

MR JULIUSBERGER trots out some of the most foolish clichés of ritualistic liberalism. The American government used much more violence

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and with more deadly effect at Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima, than anywhere else subsequently. Why did not this resort to violence inspire smaller "interest groups" within the United States to follow suit? What would Mr Juliusberger say to a Southern racist who explained and extenuated the violence of segregationists at Little Rock, Arkansas, and other regions on the ground that it was caused by the use of massive violence by the American government in realising its foreign policy objectives? Lawless segregationists also feel that the normal, peaceful means of change are closed to them, and that they are obliged, therefore, to employ force. Their feeling doesn't make it so.

To classify, as Mr Juliusberger does, American democracy in which dissent has never been more vigorous and public, especially in the universities, with the régimes of Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Falangist Spain, is evidence of political delirium. No wonder he cannot distinguish between opposition to government policy within the framework of the democratic process, and the firebombing of libraries, laboratories, and universities.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York University

Dr Miller & Psychiatry

I CAN ASSURE Mrs Markham [ENCOUNTER, August] that Dr Henry Miller does pursue psychiatrists through the columns of the medical journals with criticisms which may sometimes be justified and with a relish which may sometimes be suspect.

Presumably there are some psychiatrists who may almost be raised to the class of *real* doctors—those who employ surgical or other physical or medical methods to control abnormal emotional states by the removal or paralysis of parts of the brain, though controlled trials and experience hardly support early claims for success. The dynamically oriented psychotherapist might feel that there is no hope for him, that like some Irish kern pursued by Norman knight there is no close season, no sanctuary; for him there is only the nightmare of being chased across endless plains by some ferocious and insatiable pachyderm. And yet—Dr Miller would have us believe that an "effective reduction of the acid concentration by physical or surgical measures" will permit the sufferer from a peptic ulcer to deal with all the problems with which he was unable to deal before he developed the ulcer. Unfortunately physical and surgical methods of dealing with such conditions are not invariably successful and even then the problems do not just disappear with the fall in the acid concentration. I suppose it would be as sensible to expect feelings of sorrow to end if you were to stop the weeping by removal of the tear ducts.

I am always consoled by a memory of Alfred Adler describing in his fruity Viennese English a lecture he had recently given in Chicago. After the lecture a Middle-West farmer had complained that all Adler had said was common-sense—"But what would you have me say?"

DR DENIS PIRRIE

Hassocks, Sussex

I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN Professor Henry Miller was a bright, articulate fellow, but never realised he was such a prophet in the wilderness of psychiatry. His article, "The Abuse of Psychiatry" [ENCOUNTER, May] should be mandatory reading for everyone in law and in the medical sciences, particularly psychiatry.

He should be inundated with applications for his Society for the Abolition of Psychiatrists.

BRUCE O. BERG, M.D.
Assistant Professor,
Departments of
Neurology and Pediatrics

School of Medicine,
University of California,
San Francisco

Agnew, Braine, Tyerman

IN REPLY TO Mr Donald Tyerman [ENCOUNTER, July], a controlled and conformist Press and television are exactly what Vice-President Spiro Agnew is complaining about.

The mass media in the U.S.A. and this country are dominated by the Left. They give a wholly distorted picture of what is actually happening in the world—note, for instance, their deafening silence about Viet Cong atrocities and genocide in Zanzibar and the Sudan. No view in opposition to the Left is ever represented.

Virtually all those who work in the mass media are, of course, Left Wing. Those who dare to be otherwise will quickly find themselves out of a job or, at the very best, permanently denied advancement.

I don't blame anyone for knowing which side his bread's buttered or for taking the side of the Establishment even when he's retired—as I presume Mr Tyerman has. But he really can't have the credit for being a free spirit too.

JOHN BRAINE

Pyrford Heath,
Woking, Surrey

MR BRAINE misses the point. The question is not whether the media are Right or Left (in this country they are both) or whether he or I or anybody else agrees with them. The question is whether they are free, free to say what they like, free of Government control or official dictation.

As for his suggestion that I am professionally venal, I leave that to be judged by those who know me, as he does not.

DONALD TYERMAN

London

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From Berlin to Amman and Back . . . .

THE TRAIL *led from Berlin to Amman and back again. Many of the leading revolutionary terrorists of the German New Left had fled to the Middle East and had made dramatic common cause with the Arab guerrilla organisations. Ulrike Meinhof, once the star columnist of the left-wing Hamburg weekly* konkret, *had managed—after her sensational liberation of an imprisoned comrade in Berlin [see "The Liberators in Berlin",* ENCOUNTER, *August, pages 92-3]—to make her way to the El Fatah headquarters and together with Horst Mahler, the leading lawyer of the APO on whose behalf the New Left had organised riotous demonstrations [see "The Coming of the New Stone Age",* ENCOUNTER, *April 1969, pages 58-59], was sending back to the "Genossen" in Germany manifestos for "the establishment of a Red Army force to continue the struggle." Dieter Kunzelmann, who as a leader of the Kommune I had played such a theatrical role in the student revolts of the Berlin Free University in the 1960s, also kept up a steady flow of underground news and militant messages:*

> *". . . We are now in a Camp and have been given the uniforms of the Fedayeen. Were immediately instructed in the use of explosives and made an experimental explosion . . . . After that there were lessons in the manufacture of time-bombs . . . . Ours is a struggle which cannot be improvised—it needs organised training and discipline, for the professional revolutionary can only be a practitioner in subversion. . . . ."*

Was this a surprising and unexpected turn in the Kunzelmann story? Observers of the scene on the German Left could only recall the melodramatic stages in the chequered career of the 31-year-old Berliner who now bears an Arab name ("dear Ede Ben Otto", as Fritz Teufel, another old Berlin street fighter, now addresses him).

KUNZELMANN BEGAN *his public career in 1966 as one of the leaders—with Fritz Teufel [see "Revolution and Ripe Tomatoes",* ENCOUNTER, *November 1968, page 96] and Rainer Langhans—of Berlin's celebrated "Kommune I." In the beginning the tactics of so-called "Pop Politics" brought the Kommunards into conflict with the more puritanical factions of the SDS. In one discussion in the SDS headquarters on the Kurfürstendamm Kunzelmann made his famous intervention: "Enough of this* Scheiss-Geblabber! *What's really important are my orgasm difficulties. . . ." This line offended the Marxists and led to the expulsion of the Kommunards from the SDS in May 1967. But there was method in the obscene madness.*

> *"Since* 'Viva Maria' *[the Louis Malle film with Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau] we have learned that Revolution can be fun, and such wonderful fun that we can use it for our cause. When the people see how much* spass *it is to throw eggs at the America-House, then they'll be joining us. . . . ."*

More than that:

> *"As for the emotional concentration of our anger, it is a matter of indifference what its sources are—even if it is a rage which derives from drugs we must be able to incorporate it. . . ."*

Over the years Kunzelmann and his commissars of the "sub-culture" put their ideas into practice. While Herbert Marcuse was discussing sociological theory inside the Free University, outside on the streets of Dahlem the Kommunards danced around the fire which was burning the great seal of the University ("Veritas, Justitia, Libertas"). When U.S. Vice-President Humphrey arrived in Berlin, they made an astonishing pseudo-attempt at "assassination"—with missiles made out of pudding. They became celebrated as fellows of infinite jest and fancy, and the German press paid high prices for exclusive interviews. When the city of Berlin arranged a state funeral for Paul Löbe, the famous Social Democrat who had been the last democratic leader of the pre-Hitler Reichstag, the Kommunards arrived carrying a primitive wooden coffin and out popped Dieter Kunzelmann in a white night-shirt to distribute leaflets ("Free Fritz Teufel!"); it was a Dracula performance from which Boris Karloff could have learned. Finally, when they stormed the City Parliament in a "Go-In," Kunzelmann was sentenced to eight months as a disturber of the peace. He never served the term, nor did the Berlin High Court confirm the police charges against him for harbouring explosives—the Judge believed his testimony that the bomb in his bedroom was not his device, but a plant by the police. By this time Kunzelmann's "orgasm difficulties" seemed to be pre-occupying the whole nation.

ON THE TENTH *of November 1969, the anniversary of the* Kristallnacht *when the Nazis burned the Jewish Synagogue in Berlin (1938), a bomb was placed in the rebuilt Jewish Community House in the Fasanenstrasse. Kunzelmann's "Sexual Politics" was now taking on a grimmer note. Many Jewish memorials were paint-smeared with the words "El Fatah" and "Schalom und Napalm." As his anarchist*

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. . . . or, "the Transformation of Humanism"

friends explained; "These actions can no longer be defamed as some right-wing radical outburst—they are a decisive link in our international socialist solidarity. . . ." Their difficulties in making popular progress along these lines they attributed to something they called bourgeois Germany's "Judenkomplex.". *It was not so easy to get around the pro-Semitism which had grown up in post-war Germany after the Holocaust. Kunzelmann wrote from Amman:*

> *"The struggle here makes everything simple. And we are lost if we don't take up this battle. . . . The Left has not yet begun to understand this. Why?* Der Judenknax! [*a 'thing' about the Jews*] . . ."

He went on to explain that to be "against" means to be against your enemies, and that means the embattled struggle. Once again that notorious word Kampf *was being revived in the German extremist vocabulary. "Without* Kampf *we will be sinking into a liberal swamp . . . . Violence is the order of the day. We must make sure that clear positions are taken. . . ."*

In January of this year, a bomb was planted at a convention of judges and lawyers—and when the "Kommando Kunzelmann" announced it, the suspicion was strong that Kunzelmann had come back to Berlin from Amman and was active in the Kampf.

ON THE 19TH OF JULY *Dieter Kunzelmann was observed going to Tempelhof Airport to pick up his girl-friend arriving from Düsseldorf. The Berlin police arrested him. Shortly thereafter Fräulein Irene Siepmann arrived and not finding Kunzelmann (alias "Wolf-Ulrich Schimmang") she proceeded to go to his flat in Schöneberg. The police followed, and their good fortune had no end. In the flat they found what only a "disciplined" and "systematic" German revolutionary would have in his desk—a large* Leitz-Ordner *in which the complete records of his activites could be found: letters, manuscripts, diaries. Also: explosive materials for bombs which matched completely the earlier Kunzelmann bomb in which the Judge had disbelieved when he had acquitted him.*

Among the Kunzelmann documents was a 36-page memorandum for the "blowing up" of the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. The author was a 22-year-old New Leftist named Georg von Rauch who had been arrested after a violent attack on a reporter for Quick *Magazine; Horst Rieck had been severely beaten up and had been taken to hospital with a brain concussion. Part of the von Rauch memo tried to make clear to Kunzelmann the true strategy:*

> *We must pay more special attention to sabotage, for these acts are the most important engine of our Urban Guerrilla struggle. We see ourselves as the Fifth Column in the struggle on the first front. Trained guerrilla cells must be distributed throughout the city. . . . Correct political decisions will only follow a clear position in favour of the guerrilla war and the strategy of an armed struggle. . . . Our commando raids in their new form will be important in the eyes of the people. . . . We must move forward to a direct collaboration with the El Fatah and the Black Panthers . . . . Molotov-Cocktail practise must be organised in the Grunewald. . . ."*

Nor was all this an abstract blueprint for violence. On the matter of the attack on the journalist Rieck, von Rauch told Kunzelmann:

> *" . . . silly, ridiculous, crying for help, the fellow thought we were going to murder him, and with all the screaming he might have been right. . . . But we should have arranged beforehand what role each one of us had to play. Tommy was the only one who knew exactly what he had to do (namely, the throat). We should have made an exact division of the legs, the arms, everything. . . . Max executed the only exact deed in the whole confusion: he let him have it with a solid piece of glass, and then took another grip of the bottle and hit him again and again. . . . In my opinion the reason for the failure of this whole action is that we treated him as a person, talked to him, instead of completely tying him up and when he came to giving him another going over. . . . I believe it was Susanne or somebody who said, no, no, and stopped Max. That was correct inasmuch as it was not in our original plan, but what Max was up to was right in the situation. . . . I am now again so involved in the action that I would like to finish off Rieck. That's going to be a problem in such beatings—either Karate or [there follows here a sketch of a pistol]. . . ."*

One theoretical conclusion followed from all this:

> *"We must be clear about this: that in such actions our humanism will be transformed. (Wir müssen uns klar werden, dass bei solchen Aktionen unser Humanismus sich verändern wird). . . . ."*

One final remark has a certain note all of its own in the history of revolutionary ideology:

> *"Lesson: In such situations we must, I must, simply liquidate human feeling. (Lehre: Das Human sein müssen wir, muss ich einfach liquidieren in solchen Situationen.)"*

DER SPIEGEL/KONKRET/DIE WELT *(Hamburg)*

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"The Zero at the Bone"

I WISH to comment on Mr George Steiner's essay [ENCOUNTER, July], the preface to the Penguin edition of Ernst Jünger's *On the Marble Cliffs*.

"Jünger completed the manuscript of *On the Marble Cliffs* on 12 August, 1939." However, *all* editions of *Auf den Marmorklippen* are prefaced by the author's statement: "Begonnen Ende Februar 1939 in Uberlingen am Bodensee. Beendet am 28. Juli 1939 in Kirchhorst bei Hannover. Durchgesehen im September 1939 beim Heer."

"By the spring of 1940, some thirty-five thousand copies of *Auf den Marmorklippen* were in circulation . . . in 1948 . . . the novel had passed the hundred-thousand mark." The actual figures are: By 1940, the number of copies printed was sixteen thousand. The last printing (1967) reached the number of ninety-four thousand.

Mr Steiner speaks of "the author's 'amnesty' in 1948," Jünger having "refused to appear before a German 'denazification' tribunal . . ." Since Jünger was never cited to appear before such a tribunal, there is no question of his having "refused" to do so. Neither was there a question of "amnesty," of one kind or another. But not being officially "denazified," Jünger could not publish in Germany until 1949.

The "death of his [Jünger's] only son on the Italian front" is mentioned. There is a second son, Alexander, born in 1934.

Mr Steiner's essay also contains statements which, by virtue of their formulation, may give rise to misunderstanding.

After correctly stating that World War I and his performance in it "became the visionary core, the final touchstone of Jünger's entire work," Mr Steiner proceeds to write: "The chaotic hell of the Somme and Langemarck grew into more than a searing memory or an instance of life turned lunatic." Since Jünger was not sent to the front until the end of December of 1914, he did not see action in the battle of Langemarck (October-November, 1914).

"Ernst Jünger's *In Stahlgewittern* ('The Storm of Steel') appeared in 1920 and brought him immediate fame. It remains the most remarkable piece of *writing* [G. S.'s emphasis] to come out of the First World War." The conclusion that Jünger had immediately found the manner of writing appropriate to his experiences and visions is almost inevitable. However, the style of the original version of *In Stahlgewittern* is, at best, conventional. The book was worked over; only after the fifth revision was the author satisfied that what he said accorded with how he said it.

Though it is doubtless true that Jünger is a serious student of "botany, ichthyology, and entomology," the statement: "Above all, Jünger is a passionate botaniser" is subject to qualification. He is above all not only a dedicated but also a professional entomologist. Three insects, identified by him for the first time, bear his name.

Although Mr Steiner correctly states that *In Stahlgewittern* is "the visionary core, the final touchstone of Jünger's entire work," his relating this book to *On the Marble Cliffs* without even mentioning *Der Arbeiter*, Jünger's exposition of his social and political views born of the war experience, is oversimplifying a complex issue.

GERHARD LOOSE

Danby, Vermont

GERHARD LOOSE is an authority on Ernst Jünger (*cf.* his study of Jünger published in Frankfurt in 1957) and I gladly defer to him.

Nevertheless, it may be worth pointing out that on almost every point he raises, other sources seem to differ. Thus, for instance, there is some ambiguity, even in Jünger's own account, regarding the exact date of the completion of *On the Marble Cliffs*. Re-reading the material, I am still left with the impression that some changes in the *Ms* were made between 28th July and 12th August, and that the "review" which took place in September bore entirely on a finished text or galley. With respect to printing figures, Mr Loose draws on the Jünger Archive. But on p. 14 of J. P. Stern's monograph (Cambridge, 1953), we find the statement that some 35,000 copies of the novel were in circulation by the spring of 1940. The figure of 100,000 has been often quoted, notably on the blurb of recent printings and, unless I am mistaken, on the paperback blurb. As to the immediate, immense success of *In Stahlgewittern*, I find no ground to modify my statement. As Stern puts it (p. 9), the volume "became the most popular book of its time, thrusting its writer overnight from the comparative anonymity of a heroic soldier into the limelight of fame." This process took place long before Jünger's later versions. As to botanising and entomology: both play a vital role in Jünger's style and vision. As it happens, it is botany which is by far the most intense of the two pursuits both in *On the Marble Cliffs* and in Jünger's journals of 1940-45.

I unreservedly accept Mr Loose's corrections in regard to Langemarck and to the death of Jünger's son. My sentence ought to have read "eldest son."

All these are very small points. The matter of denazification is far more important. Unbiased authorities agree that Jünger refused to appear before a tribunal, stating that he regarded such tribunals and the process they were engaged in as illicit and demeaning. Hence his inability to publish in Germany until 1949. It is a mere point of semantics as to whether or not the resumption of the right to publish after that date constitutes an "amnesty" or an administrative act of oblivion. What a denazification tribunal would have found in regard to Jünger's wartime attitudes and actions is, strictly, a moot point. For a prejudiced but none the less incisive view, *cf.* Helmut Kaiser's *Mythos, Rausch und Reaktion* (Berlin, 1962) which I referred to in my article. I am also aware of the importance of *Der Arbeiter*. It would have required lengthy discussion to relate that often turgid and ambiguous tract to Jünger's parable. Such discussion would, I think, throw even further doubt on the moral stance and symbolic values of certain aspects of *On the Marble Cliffs*. This is

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precisely what I wished to avoid in a short preface intended to bring this book to the attention of a wide and, perhaps, new audience.

GEORGE STEINER

Cambridge

Translating Verse

MANY READERS would appreciate it and Slavic scholars would find it justified, if Robert Conquest in his article "On Translating Verse," in your May issue, had not overlooked Kenneth Mackenzie's brilliant translation of *Pan Tadeusz*, the major work of Adam Mickiewicz, knowing that all previous translations, especially English and French, were—using Conquest's expression—quite alien to the original.

Pushkin was a great admirer of Mickiewicz, whose popularity in the Slavic countries earned him the name of the Slavic Bard.

Victor Hugo, in his letter addressed to Wladyslaw Mickiewicz, written 17th of May 1867, says: "To speak of Mickiewicz, is to speak of beauty, justice and truth; of righteousness, of which he was the soldier, of duty, of which he was the hero, of freedom, of which he was the apostle and of liberation, of which he is the precursor. . . ."

WACLAW IWANIUK

Toronto

Ismene

TOO BAD all your discussants of Creon, Antigone, and Ismene (Donald Davie, Kingsley Amis, John Mander, *et al.*) omit all textual references to Sophocles' own account. I would have welcomed, in connection with the topical relevance of revolutionary zeal, at least this line (l. 88) of Ismene to her older sister:

"You have such a hot heart for cold ideas. . . ."

JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Berlin

AUTHORS

John Passmore is Professor of Philosophy in the Institute of Advanced Studies, Australian National University, Canberra. . . . He is the author of *A Hundred Years of Philosophy*, *Philosophical Reasoning*, and a number of other books on the history of philosophy. For Michaelmas Term, 1970, he is a Visiting Fellow at All Souls College, Oxford. "Paradise Now" derives from the final chapter of his forthcoming book on *The Perfectibility of Man* (Duckworth, London, and Scribners, New York) . . . .

As Professor Passmore writes ". . . . The terminology employed in this article is more fully explained in *The Perfectibility of Man*. Roughly speaking 'play' is direct, sensuous enjoyment of what is immediately present. A 'game' is a form of activity in which enjoyment is combined with some measure of carefulness, of concern for the future. 'Toil' is an activity which is devoid of enjoyment. 'Love' is an enjoyable, care-involving activity, which cherishes its object. What we ordinarily think of as 'the same activity' can be, for one person, *play*; for another, *a game*; for yet another, *toil*; for yet another, *love*. So a man's sexual relationships with women can take the form of direct sensuous enjoyment, for which the woman is simply an immediately present object; or a game, in which he takes account of the woman but only as presenting obstacles which he enjoys overcoming in order to have sexual relationships with her; or toil, as when he seeks sexual relationships out of neurotic compulsion or engages in them merely out of a sense of duty; or love, as when he cares about the woman as a person, while at the same time enjoying his relationship with her. . . ."

William Sansom's story in this issue is part of a book, *Hans Feet*, which will be published by the Hogarth Press next year. . . .

Nigel Dennis, co-Editor of ENCOUNTER with Melvin J. Lasky, has now taken up permanent residence in Malta. The International Publishing Corporation, feeling that his work as co-Editor cannot be conducted satisfactorily from there, considered that a change in the co-Editorship was therefore advisable. I.P.C. places on record its gratitude to Mr Dennis for his distinguished services to this magazine, and announces that he will be succeeded as co-Editor by D. J. Enright.

D. J. Enright, who has recently returned to Britain after many years abroad as Professor of English at the University of Singapore (and before that in Bangkok and in Japan), is the author of books of criticism, poetry and travel. Among these are *The Laughing Hyena & Other Poems* (1953); *The World of Dew: Japan* (1955); *Conspirators and Poets* (1966); *Unlawful Assembly: Poems* (1968); *Memoirs of a Mendicant Professor* (1969); *Selected Poems* (1969); *Shakespeare and the Students* (1970). He was born in Leamington, Warwickshire, in 1920. He studied with Dr F. R. Leavis at Downing College, Cambridge, and was a contributor to the review *Scrutiny*. He has been a regular contributor to ENCOUNTER and to most of the leading literary periodicals of England and America.

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